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THE

Muſe in a Moral Humour:

BEING, A

COLLECTION

Of Agreeable and Inſtructive

TALES, FABLES, PASTORALS, &c.

By SEVERAL HANDS.

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THE

CONTENTS.

AVARO *and* Amanda. A Tale. *By Mr.* Stephen Duck 1

The Teſt *of* Love. *To a Friend who fancied himſelf in Love. By Mr.* Amhurſt 30

The Cock *and the* Doves. A Fable. *Inſcrib'd to a Friend* 39

The Hermit. A Tale. *By Mr.* Parnell 41

The Catterpillar *and* Butterfly. A Fable 53

The Knights *of the* Bath. A Tale. *To his Grace the Duke of* Montague. *By Mr.* Cooke 59

Snaith Marſh. A *Yorkſhire* Paſtoral 67

The Brocaded Gown *and* Linen Rag. A Fable 72

The Turtle *and* Sparrow. A Tale. *By Mr.* Prior 75

Felix *and* Conſtance. A Tale. *By Mr.* Stephen Duck 90

The Experiment. A Tale. *By Mr.* Greville 115

Eloiſa *to* Abelard. *By Mr.* Pope 119

Coreſus *and* Callirrhoe. A Tale 133

The

The Contented Clown. A Tale 137
The Accident. A Paſtoral Eſſay 140
The Diſappointed Milkmaid. A Tale 145
Heſiod; *or the* Riſe *of* Woman. A Tale. *By Mr.* Parnell 147
The Choice. *By Mr.* Pomfret. 157
Cruelty *and* Luſt. *An* Epiſtolary Tale. *By Mr.* Pomfret 163
Philander *and* Cydippe. A Tale. *By Mr.* Cooke 178
Colinetta. A Paſtoral 188
The Miſerable Glutton; *or, the* Pleaſures *of* Senſe, *dependent on* Virtue. A Tale. *By Mr.* H. Greville 192
The Unhappy Debauchee; *the Sequel to the* Miſerable Glutton. A Tale 199
Robin. A Paſtoral Elegy. *By Capt.* John Dobſon 205
The Statues; *or, the* Trial *of* Conſtancy. A Tale for the Ladies 209
The African Prince, *in* England, *to* Zara, *at his Father's Court* 217
Zara, *at the Court of* Annamabboe, *to the* African *Prince in* England 225

THE

THE

Muſe in a Moral Humour.

AVARO *and* AMANDA.

A TALE.

By Mr. STEPHEN DUCK.

WHAT Ills from Want of Education flow,
From Avarice what cruel Scenes of Woe,
I mean to ſing; except the tuneful Maid
Neglects my Numbers, and refuſe her Aid.
Say, Goddeſs, firſt, what made the Youth explore
A foreign Clime, and quit his native Shore?
Say too, how on the barb'rous Iſle he came;
What mov'd the Kindneſs of the *Negro* Dame?

What cou'd provoke a faithleſs Youth to ſell
A Friend, whoſe only Crime was loving well?

Now had *Avaro* twenty Winters paſs'd,
His blooming Features ev'ry Beauty grac'd;
In ſilver Rings, his looſely flowing Hair
Hung o'er his Shoulders with a comely Air;
Robuſt his Limbs, and daring was his Soul,
And Vigour crown'd the well-proportion'd Whole:
His graceful Charms the Ladies oft ſurvey'd,
And oft their Eyes an am'rous Signal made;
But never cou'd the tender Paſſion move,
The ſtubborn Youth was ſtill averſe to Love;
Yet, tho' his Breaſt was Proof to *Cupid*'s Dart,
A more ignoble God enſlav'd his Heart.

No Myſteries of Faith diſturb'd his Head;
For Myſteries of Faith he ſeldom read;
That moral Law, which Nature had impreſt,
He blotted from the Volume of his Breaſt;
Yet in his Mind his Father's Precepts bears,
Who often rung this Leſſon in his Ears:
" Wou'd you, my Son, to Happineſs aſpire,
" Know, *Gold* alone can Happineſs acquire;
" He that has *Gold*, is pow'rful as a King,
" Has Valour, Virtue, Wiſdom, ev'ry Thing!
" *This* to obtain, your utmoſt Skill beſtow;
" And if you gain it, be not careful how:
" If in the Court, or Camp, you take Delight,
" Then dare to flatter *there*, or *here* to fight;

" Or,

" Or, ſhou'd the Merchant's Life your Fancy
" pleaſe,
" Be bold, and bravely venture on the Seas;
" Many by Merchandize have gain'd Re-
" nown,
" And made the *Indies* Wealth become their
" own."
The Youth imbib'd the Precepts of his Tongue,
Neglecting ev'ry Law of Right and Wrong;
Taught by his Sire to court deſtructive Gain,
He burns to try his Fortune on the Main.
While other Youths, by Wit or Pleaſure
ſway'd,
Frequent the Play, the Ball or Maſquerade;
Avaro, ſtudious, in his Chamber ſtays,
Careleſs of Balls, of Maſquerades, and Plays;
There adds, ſubſtracts, and, with unweary'd
Pain,
Learns all the Rules of Int'reſt, Loſs, and
Gain.
Next, from an old Aſtronomer, he tries
To learn the Planets Journey thro' the Skies;
With *him*, at Night, when Heav'n ſerene
appears,
He points the Quadrant at the ſhining Spheres;
The *Hyades*, and frozen Pole ſurveys,
Which guide the Sailor o'er the diſtant Seas;
Then Maps and Models of our Globe pre-
pares,
And carefully inſpects both Hemiſpheres;

From Eaſt to Weſt he views the ſpacious
Round,
Pleas'd with the modern World *Columbus* found:
In Hope elate, the Youth impatient ſtands,
And ſeems to graſp both *Indies* in his Hands.
This ſees the Sire, and haſtily provides
A Veſſel, proof againſt the Winds and Tides.
The Youth embarks, the ſoft propitious Gales
Ariſe, and ſoon expand the ſwelling Sails;
The Ship glides ſwiftly o'er the liquid Plain,
And *Neptune* ſmiles, and courts him on the
Main.
But ſee, how Mortals are the Sport of Fate!
How oft unhappy, ſtriving to be great!
Ere *Cynthia* twice her monthly Race had run,
An Omen of the fatal Storm begun:
The murm'ring Wind ariſes by Degrees,
And rocks the Ship, and ſweeps the curling
Seas;
Now louder, with impetuous Force it roars,
And ſhoves the ſwelling Surges to the Shores;
Till rapid Rain, and Flakes of bick'ring
Flame,
With dreadful Thunder vex th' etherial Frame.
Struck with Surprize, the tim'rous Merchant
ſtands,
Nor knows what he forbids, or what com-
mands:
Nor ſafely back, nor can he forwards go;
But trembling waits, and fears the fatal Blow.

Long

Long Time the Sailors work againſt the Wind,
With fruitleſs Toil, to gain the Port aſſign'd;
Till Courage, Hope, and all Proviſions fail'd,
And Fear, Deſpair, and Want their Souls aſſail'd.
Forc'd by the Storm into a winding Bay,
Their joyful Eyes an *Indian* Iſle ſurvey;
When ſtrait they quit their Ship, and gain the Shore,
And for Recruits the ſavage Land explore.
Adjoining to the dreary Beach, there ſtood
Wild Shrubs and Trees, that form'd a gloomy Wood;
Where, cloſe obſcur'd, the crafty Natives lay,
And watch'd the wand'ring Crew, remote from Sea:
Then forth they ruſh, and ſtrait their Bows prepare;
Too late the Sailors ſee th'approaching War:
In vain the Brave engage, or Tim'rous fly;
The Tim'rous and the Brave, promiſcuous die;
The barb'rous Fields are ſtain'd with purple Gore,
And dreadful Groanings echo to the Shore.
Our youthful Merchant 'ſcapes, and flies alone;
His Fear impels, and Safety prompts him on;

Thro' duſky Woods he takes his trembling Flight,
The duſky Woods conceal him from their Sight;
Till in the devious Wilds, remote from Foes,
Then on the Ground, he weeping vents his Woes;
Oft curs'd his hapleſs Fate, and often thought
On what the hoary Star-monger had taught;
How, at our Birth, as diff'rent Planets rule,
They form a Wit, or conſtitute a Fool;
How, in the Maze of Life, we act, as they
Attract, retard, or force us in the Way.
And, as he theſe uncertain Cenſures made,
Againſt the Stars he thus exclaiming ſaid:
The Planets ſure ſome noxious Pow'r diſplay,
And rule my Life with arbitrary Sway;
Elſe had I ne'er forſook my native Home,
Nor in this baleful Deſert met my Doom——
And yet, when I reflect, I cannot ſee,
How Globes inſenſible ſhould influence me;
I chuſe my Actions; when the Choice is made,
I nor invoke, nor yet conſult *their* Aid.
When Mortals act according to their *Will*,
Can Heav'n be call'd the Author of their Ill?
Too late I find, the Stars are not in Fault;
But 'tis that golden Wiſh my Sire has taught:
Enticing *Gold*, that damn'd deceiving Guide,
Induc'd me firſt to ſtem the foaming Tide;

Falla-

Fallacious *Charm*, that led me from Repoſe,
Now leaves me in a Labyrinth of Woes.
So, when compacted Vapours, in the Night,
Skim o'er the Fields, with a deluſive Light,
The injudicious Traveller ſurveys
Th' alluring *Scene*, and court the gliſt'ring Blaze;
Till, tempted o'er a Rock's impending Brow,
He falls to ſome tremendous Gulph below.
Thus the unhappy Youth laments his Fate,
Conſcious of all the Ills that round him wait;
Till ſetting *Phœbus* leaves the bluſhing Sky,
And glimm'ring Stars a feeble Light ſupply:
The Shades of Night increaſe his anxious Care,
And add a greater Horror to Deſpair.
All Night in Tears the penſive Merchant lay,
And often wiſh'd, and fear'd the coming Day;
Till, on the Hills, the riſing Sun diſplay'd
His golden Beams, and chas'd away the Shade:
Harmonious Birds ſalute his chearful Rays,
And hail the roſy Morn with joyful Lays;
While, ſtretch'd upon the Ground, *Avaro* moans,
Anſw'ring their tuneful Songs with piercing Groans.
Not diſtant far from where the Youth was laid,
A purling Stream, in pleaſing Murmurs, play'd;
And, by the Margin of the cryſtal Flood,
Two Rows of Trees in beauteous Order ſtood;

Whoſe Branches form'd a pendent Arch above,
Diffuſing gloomy Verdure o'er the Grove.
An *Indian* Princeſs hither daily came,
Pleas'd with the grateful Shade and cooling Stream:
She now was walking to her lov'd Retreat,
And heard the mourning Youth lament his Fate:
Fix'd in Amaze, a-while ſhe liſt'ning ſtood;
Then ſwift approach'd him, ruſhing thro' the Wood.
Th' affrighted Merchant roſe with gazing Eyes,
And tim'rous Looks that teſtify'd Surprize:
Backward he ſtarts; the Dame, with equal Fears,
Recedes as faſt, and wonders what appears;
Yet bolder grown, ſhe ſoon advanc'd again,
Smit with the Beauty of the godlike Man:
His Dreſs, and fair Complexion charm'd her Sight;
Each glowing Feature gave her new Delight;
While Love and Pity both aroſe within,
And kindled in her Soul a Flame unſeen.
With equal Joy *Avaro* now ſurvey'd
The native Graces of the *Negro* Maid:
He view'd her Arms, with various Ribbands bound;
Her downy Head, with painted Feathers crown'd;

With

With Bredes, and lucid Shells, in Circles
ſtrung,
Which ſhone refulgent, as they round her
hung.
As when, in ſplendid Robes, a courtly Maid
Begins the Dance at Ball or Maſquerade;
The Pearls and Di'monds ſhine with mingled
Light,
And glitt'ring Pendants blaze againſt the Sight.
So ſhone the beauteous Shells around her
Waiſt,
And ſparkling Gems, that deck'd her jetty
Breaſt;
All which *Avaro*'s gazing Eyes purſue,
Charm'd with her lovely Shape, diſclos'd to
View:
Each Limb appears in juſt Proportion made,
With Elegance thro' ev'ry Part diſplay'd:
And now his Cares diſſolve, new Paſſions
move;
And Nature intimates, the Change is *Love*.
Not far remote, a cooling Grot was made,
In which the Virgin often ſought a Shade:
Thick Shrubs, and fruitful Vines, around it
grew;
And none, except herſelf, the Manſion knew.
To this obſcure *Receſs* the Royal Dame,
Rejoicing, with her lovely Captive came:

Then, from the Branches, with officious Haſte,
She plucks the Fruits, which yield a ſweet Repaſt:
That done, ſhe, with her Bow, explores the Wood;
Pierc'd with her Shaft, the Fowl reſigns his Blood.
Then back ſhe haſtens to her cool Retreat,
And for *Avaro* dreſs'd the grateful Meat:
To ſlake his Thirſt, ſhe next directs his Way,
Where cryſtal Streams in wild Meanders ſtray:
Nor lets him there, expos'd to Foes remain;
But to the Cave conducts him ſafe again.

So doats *Amanda* on the Merchant, while
She ſcorns the Lovers of her *native Iſle:*
For all the Heroes of her Country ſtrove,
With Emulation, to attract her Love;
And, when they could the painted Fowls inſnare,
Or pierce the ſavage Beaſt in ſylvan War,
The Skins and Feathers, Trophies of their Fame,
They gave for Preſents to the Royal Dame;
All which ſhe to her lov'd *Avaro* brought,
And with them gayly deck'd his ſhining Grot:
The ſpotted Panther here ſhe hung; and there
With Paws extended, frown'd the ſhaggy Bear;

Here

Here gaudy Plumes appear, in Luſtre bright;
There Shells and Pearls diffuſe a ſparkling Light.

As when, to grace ſome Royal Prince's Hall,
The ſkilful Painter animates the Wall;
Here warlike Heroes frown in martial Arms,
There a ſoft Nymph diſplays her bluſhing Charms;
A pleaſing Landſcape next invites our Eye,
And the Room glows with ſweet Variety.

Yet, ſtill to give her Lover more Delight,
(Leſt what he daily ſaw, ſhould pall the Sight)
When *Sol* with Purple cloath'd the weſtern Sky,
And Shades extended ſhew'd the Ev'ning nigh,
She to ſome verdant Grove the Youth convey'd,
Where Nightingales harmonious Muſic made:
Soft Flow'rets were their Couch; and, all around,
Diffuſive Sweets perfum'd the fragrant Ground.
There oft ſhe would his ſnowy Boſom bare,
Oft round her Fingers wind his ſilver Hair;
Charm'd with the Contraſt, which their Colours made,
More pleaſing than the Tulip's Light and Shade.
Nor was the Youth inſenſible; but ſoon
Repaid her Love by ſhewing of his own:

Oft

Oft would his Boſom heave with ſpeaking
Sighs;
Oft would he gaze, and languiſh with his
Eyes;
Now on her panting Breaſt his Head repoſe,
To meet his Head her panting Breaſt aroſe;
While in her Soul ecſtatic Raptures glow'd,
And her fond Arms believ'd they claſp'd a God.

So liv'd the happy Pair obſerv'd by none,
Till both had learnt a Language of their own;
In which the Youth, one Ev'ning in the Shade,
Beguiles the harmleſs unſuſpicious Maid;
Leans on her Breaſt, and, with a Kiſs, be-
trays;
Then vents his ſpecious Fraud in Words like
theſe:

Witneſs, ye Gods, and all ye Bleſs'd above,
(For ye can witneſs beſt how well I love)
If e'er among our blooming Nymphs, I knew
Such Pleaſures, as my Soul receives from you!
O dear *Amanda!* could I but, with thee,
Once more my happy native Country ſee,
You ſhould not there in lonely Caves retreat,
Nor trace the burning Sands with naked Feet;
Your Limbs, which now the Sun and Wind
invade,
Should neatly be in ſofteſt Silks array'd;

In

In gilded Houſes gayly ſhould you ride,
By Horſes drawn, which prancing Side by Side,
Neigh, foam, and champ the Bit with graceful Pride;
Our Time, in Pomp and Peace, ſhould ſlide away,
And blooming Pleaſures crown the ſmiling Day;
And, when the ſetting Sun forſook the Skies,
Approaching Night ſhould but increaſe our Joys:
We would not on the chilling Ground embrace,
Nor Foes, as now, ſhould interrupt our Peace;
But both repoſing on ſome eaſy Bed,
Soft, as the fleecy Down, that decks thy Head,
The ſportive God of Love ſhould round us play,
While we, in Raptures, paſs'd the Night away:
Then let us carefully, my Dear, explore
The Haven, where I firſt approach'd the Shore.
Perhaps we ſhall ſome floating Ship ſurvey,
Safe to conduct us o'er the watry Way.
Nor let the foaming Waves your Steps retard;
I'll guard you o'er, and be a faithful Guard.
How oft, alas! is Innocence betray'd,
When Love invites, and Flatterers perſuade?
How could the Dame, a Stranger to Deceit,
Imagine ſuch a heav'nly Form a Cheat?

She paus'd, ſhe ſigh'd; then, with a penſive Look,
Half loth, and half conſenting, thus ſhe ſpoke:
Once has *Avaro* 'ſcap'd the raging Main:
Why would you tempt the fickle Seas again?
To ſeek new Dangers, when in Safety here,
Would but provoke the Deities you fear——
Sometimes, I own, we've been ſurpriz'd by Foes,
Whoſe nightly Walks have wak'd you from Repoſe:
Yet ſtill I guard your ſacred Life ſecure,
And always will——What can *Amanda* more?
Thus ſaid, ſhe claſp'd him in her loving Arms,
Embrac'd his Neck, and doated on his Charms:
And now both ſhew their Paſſions in their Look,
And now connubial *Hymen* both invoke;
In ſportive Joys they clos'd the genial Day,
While *Philomela* ſung the Nuptial Lay;
Till ſoon the Youth inclin'd upon her Breaſt,
And golden Slumbers ſeal'd their Eyes to Reſt.
Soon as the Sun began to gild the Day,
And on the Hills emit a trembling Ray;
Amanda, from her flow'ry Bed awoke;
Sad was her Heart, and diſcompos'd her Look;
The briny Torrent flows a-down her Cheeks,
While thus ſhe to her dear *Avaro* ſpeaks:

O Thou, on whom my Life and Love depend,
If e'er *Amanda* claim'd the Name of Friend;
If e'er I gave thy troubled Mind Repoſe,
Or hid thee, when purſu'd with furious Foes;
Explain this *Dream*, that terrifies my Breaſt;
The ſtrangeſt, Fear or Fancy e'er impreſt!
Methought a God deſcended from the Skies;
Celeſtial Beauty ſparkled in his Eyes;
Like Rays of *Phœbus* ſhone his radiant Hair,
His Shape like thine, like thine his graceful Air;
A Robe was neatly girt about his Waiſt,
Fine as my lov'd *Avaro*'s ſilken Veſt;
His ſhining Lips upon my Breaſt he laid,
And ſoftly preſt my Hand, and ſmiling ſaid:
" Ariſe, my Dear, my lov'd *Amanda* riſe;
" An eaſier Lodging waits thee in the Skies:
" I am deſcended from the bleſt Abodes,
" To bear thee hence to Heav'n among the " Gods;
" No Enemies ſhall there diſturb thy Reſt;
" There, with thy *Lover*, live for ever bleſt."
Thus ſaid, he rais'd me from the dewy Plain,
And bore, or ſeem'd to bear me, o'er the Main:
But ſoon he led me to a diſtant Iſle,
Where Horrors reign, and Comforts never ſmile:

Thick

Thick Brakes and Brambles choak'd the dreary
Coaſt,
The only Product, which the Land could boaſt;
Till a dejected ſervile Race aroſe,
With gloomy Sadneſs brooding on their Brows:
This Croud, promiſcuous, with inceſſant Toil,
Or rooted up the Wood, or plow'd the Soil:
How each perform'd his Taſk, a Tyrant
view'd;
And ſternly ſhook his Whip, and menac'd as
he ſtood.
Sometimes to ſhun the direful Laſh, they fled;
Th' inſulting Lord purſu'd with greater Speed:
Sure not ſo fearful fly the trembling Bears,
To ſhun our Hunters Darts, and miſſive Spears;
Sure not ſo ſwift our Hunters e'er purſu'd
The trembling Bears, when flying through the
Wood;
As from the Tyrant's Wrath they ſwiftly run,
Or, as the Tyrant, ſwifter urg'd them on.
Each to his wonted Taſk, he drove again,
And made *me* mix among the ſervile Train;
Doom'd with the reſt to groan beneath the
Yoke,
Alike I felt the dire correcting Stroke.
But, O! what added moſt to my Deſpair,
My Godlike Guide was falſe, and left me
there——

As

As thus ſhe ſpake, confus'd her Looks appear'd;
For ſtill her Soul the dreadful Viſion fear'd:
Deciding Reaſon from her Seat withdrew,
And Fancy painted all the Scene a-new.
The Youth to chear the drooping Dame eſſay'd,
When ſtrait a Boar came ruſhing through the Shade;
The craſhing Woods proclaim'd his rapid Force,
While two fleet Youths purſu'd the ſylvan Courſe:
The Lovers ſtarted from their flow'ry Seats,
Surpriz'd, and each a diff'rent Way retreats.
As when ſome Muſket's Thunder has expell'd
Two loving Turtles from the verdant Field;
Both, diverſe, thro' the wide ethereal Plain
Fly ſwift; and flying, fear their Mate is ſlain.
So parting, devious fled th' affrighted Pair;
Such was *Avaro*'s, ſuch *Amanda*'s Fear.
The foaming Boar between 'em ſwiftly paſt,
The nimble Courſers urge the Chace as faſt;
Till ſoon they pierce him with a mortal Wound;
He falls, and purple Gore diſtains the Ground:
Then, from the ſavage War, they take their Way,
And to the Cave, triumphant, bear the Prey.

Soon

Soon as the ſportive Hunters left the Wood,
The loving Pair conceal'd no longer ſtood;
But trembling both forſook the duſky Shade,
Both trembling met upon the op'ning Glade:
Mute with ſurprize a-while they ſtood; the Man
Broke Silence firſt, and thus his Tale began:
O dear *Amanda!* ſoon we have ſurvey'd
This myſtic Viſion of the Night diſplay'd:
Theſe are the frowning Tyrants in thy Dream,
That chas'd the Slaves, and we their flying Game.
Some Part, ſaid ſhe, reſembled this, I own;
And ſome remains a Riddle yet unknown:
What meant that God, which ſtill, methinks, I view;
That radiant Deity, ſo much like you?
And what the Fields above, which he propos'd?
Say, if the Myſtery can be diſclos'd?
To whom the Youth: Our active Fancy ſeems
For ever roving, roving moſt in Dreams:
For then the Soul, diſburden'd of her Load,
Soars high, and grows prophetic, like a God;
Minds Things when paſt, as preſent to our View;
And, by Alluſion, knows the future too.
Thus, when to Sleep your muſing Head reclin'd,
She kept our Ev'ning Converſe in her Mind;
Reflected

Reflected on the Joys my Country yields,
Joys, ſweet as thoſe in yonder azure Fields;
Till ſoaring higher, ſtriving to diſcern
Her hidden Fate, and future Fortune learn,
Heav'n ſhew'd her ſomething like this Morning Chace,
By trembling Slaves, who fled their Tyrant's Face;
Perhaps to warn us timely from our Bed,
For, O my dear *Amanda!* had we ſtay'd,
I had not liv'd to tell this myſtic Tale,
Nor you, to hear the Secrets I reveal——
But let us to my happy Country ſteer,
Nor longer wait impending Ruin here.
So ſpake the Youth; and, with a gracious Look,
He ſeem'd to ſanctify the Words he ſpoke.
Go, ſhe reply'd; go where you are inclin'd;
Your faithful Lover will not ſtay behind.
If o'er the Seas you ſhall attempt your Way,
The Seas ſhall not compel me here to ſtay;
Nor will I fear the Surges of the Deep;
(For Surges oft, you ſay, aſſail the Ship)
Calm and compos'd, intrepid will I ſtand,
Till you conduct me to your native Land.
Or, if you wou'd ſome other Clime purſue,
Then ſhall ſome other Climate pleaſe me too.
And when the happy deſtin'd Land we meet,
Where Providence ſhall fix our wand'ring Feet;

With

With joyful Servitude I'll ſtill attend
On you, my nuptial Lord, and deareſt Friend.
Soon as *Aurora* ſpreads her purple Ray,
When you awake to chace the nimble Prey,
I'll alſo riſe; and, with an equal Art,
Diſplay the Net, or ſpeed the pointed Dart;
Or ſearch the Plains, and taſteful Herbs provide;
Or ſtrip the Vines, and preſs their juicy Pride:
Each Ev'ning will I fondly deck your Bed
With ſweeteſt Flow'rets gather'd from the Mead;
And when, diſſolv'd in downy Sleep, you lie,
I'll wake, and watch if Foes approach too nigh.
To guard your Life, all Hazards will I run;
And, for your Safety, ſacrifice my own.
To whom the Youth: No Hazards ſhall you run;
Nor, for my Safety, ſacrifice your own:
Nor yet at Ev'ning fondly deck my Bed
With ſweeteſt Flow'rets, gather'd from the Mead:
Nor ſhall *Amanda* taſteful Herbs explore;
Nor ſhall *Avaro* chaſe the ſavage Boar.
A ſofter Bed, than Flow'rs, ſhall give you Reſt;
A choicer Meat, than Fruits, indulge your Taſte.
Ten thouſand Things my grateful Soul ſhall find,
To charm your Fancy, and delight your Mind:
I'll

I'll vary Love a hundred diff'rent Ways,
And inſtitute new Arts to make it pleaſe.
So ſhall our future Race of Children ſee
A conſtant Proverb made of you and me:
When *Britiſh* Youths ſhall court the doubting Dame,
And want Expreſſions equal to their Flame;
Then, ſtrongly to atteſt it, ſhall be ſaid,
" *True as* Avaro *to the* Indian *Maid.*"
To whom *Amanda* (pauſing at the Name)
What meant *Avaro* by the doubting Dame?
Has any of your *Britiſh* Damſels made
A Doubt of what ſuch godlike Being ſaid?
Or is it cuſtomary to your Clime?
Has ever Youth committed ſuch a Crime,
As baſe Ingratitude? Has any there
Deluded firſt, and then forſook the Fair?
I cannot think your Love will e'er decline,
Nor can my radiant Angel queſtion mine.
By yon bright Beams, which paint the riſing Day;
By thy bright Charms, as beautiful as they:
By all our pleaſing Hours of Love, I vow
To ſhare your Fate thro' ev'ry Scene of Woe;
Content, with you, to yield my vital Breath;
For Life, without you, would but lengthen Death.
With ſuch ſweet Talk their Moments they beguile;
Both ſeem impatient for the deſtin'd Iſle:

He

He daily vows, and daily is believ'd;
She daily hears, and daily is deceiv'd.
Farewel, bright Goddeſs of th' *Idalian* Grove!
Farewel, ye ſportive Deities of Love!
No longer I your pleaſing Joys rehearſe;
A rougher Theme demands my penſive Verſe;
A Scene of Woes remains to be diſplay'd,
Indulgent Love with Slavery repaid:
Ingratitude, and broken Vows, and Lies,
The mighty Ills that ſpring from Avarice,
Provoke my Lays: Your Aid, ye Muſes, bring;
Aſſiſt my Tragic Numbers, while I ſing.
Say, what enſu'd, when, on the briny Deep,
The watchful Dame beheld a floating Ship?
She call'd, and beckon'd to it from the Shore,
Then to the Youth the grateful Tidings bore;
And ſaid, I ſomething ſee like winged Trees,
(Strange to behold!) fly ſwiftly o'er the Seas:
Their bulky Roots upon the Billows float;
Say, is not this the Ship, you long have ſought?
Or I miſtake; or, by the Gods Command,
This comes to bear us to your native Land:
Then haſten, ſee the Partner of your Heart,
With you, her Guide, is ready to depart;
My Father, Mother, Friends, I bid Adieu,
Friends, Father, Mother, not ſo dear as you.
To whom the Youth, with ſmiling Brow, reply'd:
O thou true Pattern of a faithful Bride!

Who

Who dar'ſt thy Father, Mother, Friends reſign;
And riſk thy own dear Life, to reſcue mine!—
If I forget the Debt I owe to Thee,
May all the Gods forget their Care of Me.
In more wild Deſarts let me rove again;
Nor find a Friend, like Thee, to eaſe my Pain!
There let the Vultures, Wolves, and Tigers tear
This Body, *thou* haſt kindly nouriſh'd here!
So ſaying, to the Beach he ſtraight deſcends;
And, by the Flag, diſcerns the Crew his Friends:
And now his Heart exults within his Breaſt,
His loving Mate an equal Joy confeſt;
She, with him, gladly ventures on the Main,
Unthinking of her future Toil and Pain.
So, to the Plough, the Heifer, yet unbroke,
Walks chearful on, nor dreads th' impending Yoke;
Till, in the Fields, urg'd with the piercing Goad,
She groans, and writhes, reluctant with her Load.
The *Britiſh* Bark was to *Barbadoes* bound;
Th' expected Shore the Sailors quickly found;
Where, ſafe from Danger, now the perjur'd Youth,
Falſe to his former Vows of ſacred Truth,
Reflecting, counts the Int'reſt he had loſt,
While Fate detain'd him on the *Indian* Coaſt:

The frugal Thoughts ſuppreſs his am'rous Flame,
And prompt him to betray the faithful Dame.
Yet ſcarce he can the curſed Fact purſue;
But heſitates at what he fain wou'd do:
For, tho' his Av'rice moves him to the Ill,
His Gratitude within him ſtruggles ſtill;
And, 'twixt two Paſſions, neither guides his Will.
As when two Scales, which equal Loads ſuſpend,
Sway to and fro, alternate both deſcend;
Till, undeclining, each aloft abides;
Nor this, nor that, the doubtful Weight decides.
So ſtood the doubtful Youth a-while; nor wou'd
Forſake the Evil, nor purſue the Good;
Till, as the Sailors in the Haven ſtay,
To purchaſe Slaves, the Planters croud the Key:
One aſks, for what the Negro may be ſold;
Then bids a Price, and ſhews the tempting Gold:
Which, when *Avaro* views with greedy Eyes,
He ſoon reſolves to gain th' alluring Prize;
Nor Oaths, nor Gratitude, can longer bind;
Her Fate he thus determines in his Mind:
"Suppoſe I ſhould conduct this *Indian* o'er,
"And thus, inſtead of Gold, import a *Moor*—

" Would not my Sire, with ſtern contracted
" Brows,
" Condemn my Choice, and curſe my nup-
" tial Vows?
" Was it for this I learn'd the Merchant's
" Art?
" Only to gain a doating *Negro*'s Heart!
" Was it for this the raging Seas I croſt?
" No; Gold induc'd me to the *Indian* Coaſt;
" And Gold is offer'd for this ſimple Dame;
" Shall I refuſe it, or renounce my Flame?—
" Let am'rous Fools their tireſome Joys re-
" new,
" And doat on *Love*, while *Int'reſt* I purſue."
He added not; for now, intent on Gold,
And dead to all Remorſe, the *Dame* he ſold.
Amanda ſtood confounded with Surprize,
And ſilently reproach'd him with her Eyes:
She often try'd to ſpeak, but when ſhe try'd,
Her Heart ſwell'd full, her Voice its Aid de-
ny'd;
And, when ſhe made her fault'ring Tongue
obey,
Theſe Words, commix'd with Sighs, found
out their Way:
" Who can the myſtic Ways of Fate ex-
" plain?
" Am I awake, or do I dream again?
" Is *this* the ſad Reward of all my Care?
" Was it for this I chear'd thee in Deſpair?

" The Gods above (if any Gods there be)
" Witneſs what I have done to ſuccour thee!
" Yet, if my *Kindneſs* can't thy Pity move,
" Pity the *Fruits* of our unhappy *Love:*
" Oh! let the Infant in my pregnant Womb,
" Excite thee to revoke my threaten'd Doom!
" Think how the future Slave, in Climes re-
" mote,
Shall curſe the treach'rous Sire, that him be-
" got."
So ſpake the mourning Dame, but ſpake in vain;
Th' obdurate Youth inſults her with Diſdain;
Not all her Kindneſs could his Pity move,
Nor yet the *Fruits* of their unhappy *Love.*
But, as the Flames, which ſoften Wax, diſplay
The ſame warm Force to harden ſordid Clay;
That Motive, which would melt another Heart,
More harden'd his, and made him act a double Villain's Part.
He, for the Child, demands a larger Sum;
And ſells it, while an Embryo in the Womb.
And now he ſternly takes her by the Hand;
Then drags her on, reluctant, to the Land;
While, as ſhe walks, her diſmal Fate ſhe moans,
The Rocks around her echo to her Groans:

" O baſe, ungrateful Youth! ſhe loudly cries;
" O baſe, ungrateful Youth! the Shore re-
" plies:
" And canſt thou, cruel, perjur'd Villain!
" leave
" Thy tender Infant too, an abject Slave,
" To toil, and groan, and bleed beneath the
" *Rod?*
" Fool, that I was, to think thou wert a God!
" Sure from ſome ſavage Tiger art thou
" ſprung ——
" No! Tigers feed, and fawn upon, their
" Young:
" But thou deſpiſeſt all paternal Cares,
" The Fate of Infants, and their Mothers
" Pray'rs."

In vain ſhe does her wretched State deplore;
Pleas'd with the Gold, he gladly quits the
Shore;
The ruffling Winds dilate the Sails, the Ship
Divides the Waves, and ſkims along the Deep.
Three Days the bellying Canvaſs gently ſwells,
Clear ſhines the Sun, and friendly blow the
Gales;
Then frowning Clouds inveſt the vaulted Sky,
And hollow Winds proclaim a Tempeſt nigh;
Fierce *Boreas* loudly o'er the Ocean roars,
Smoke the white Waves, and ſound the ad-
verſe Shores;

While to increaſe the Horrors of the Main,
Deſcends a Deluge of impetuous Rain.
The giddy Ship on circling Eddies rides,
Toſs'd, and re-toſs'd, the Sport of Winds and Tides.
Redoubled Peals of roaring Thunder roll,
And Flames, conflicting, flaſh from Pole to Pole,
While guilty Thoughts diſtract *Avaro*'s Soul.
Of Life deſpairing, tho' afraid to die,
One fatal Effort yet he means to try:
While all the buſy Crew, with panting Breath,
Were lab'ring to repel the liquid Death;
Avaro from the Stern the Boat divides,
And yields up to the Fury of the Tides:
Toſs'd on the boiſt'rous Wave, the Veſſel flies,
Now ſinking low, now mounting to the Skies;
Till ſoon the Storm decreas'd, and, by Degrees,
Huſh'd were the Winds, and calm the ruffled Seas;
The Sailors ſafely ſteer their Courſe again,
And leave *Avaro* floating on the Main;
Who landed quickly on a lonely Iſle,
Where human Feet ne'er print the baleful Soil;
A dreary Wilderneſs was all appear'd,
And howling Wolves the only Sound he heard;
A thouſand Deaths he views before his Eyes,
A thouſand Guilt-created Fiends ariſe;

A *conſcious Hell* within his Boſom burns,
And racks his tortur'd Soul, while thus he mourns;
" Curs'd be the Precepts of my ſelfiſh Sire,
" Who bad me after fatal Gold aſpire!
" Curs'd be myſelf, and doubly curs'd, who ſold
" A faithful Friend, to gain that fatal Gold!—
" O! could theſe gloomy Woods my Sin conceal,
" Or in my Boſom quench this fiery *Hell*;
" Here would I pine my wretched Life away,
" Or to the hungry Savage fall a Prey——
" But can the gloomy Woods conceal my Sin?
" Or cooling Shadows quench the *Hell* within?
" No; like ſome Spirit baniſh'd Heav'n, I find
" Terrors in ev'ry Place to rack my Mind;
" Tormenting conſcious Plagues increaſe my Care,
" And guilty Thoughts indulge my juſt Deſpair——
" O! where ſhall I that piercing Eye evade,
" That ſcans the Depths of Hell's tremendous Shade?

So ſaying, ſtraight he gave a hideous Glare,
With rolling Eyes, that witneſs'd ſtrong Deſpair:
Then drew his pointed Weapon from the Sheath,
Confus'dly wild, and all his Thoughts on Death;
To pierce his trembling Heart he thrice eſſay'd,
And thrice his coward Arm deny'd its Aid:

Mean-while a howling Wolf, with Hunger preſt,
Leap'd on the Wretch, and ſeiz'd him by the Breaſt;
Tore out his Heart, and lick'd the purple Flood;
For Earth refus'd to drink the Villain's Blood.

The TEST *of* LOVE.

To a Friend who fancied himſelf in LOVE.

By Mr. AMHURST.

OFT haſt thou told me, *Dick*, in friendly Part,
That the Uſurper *Love* has ſeiz'd thy Heart;
But thou art young, and, like our ſanguine Race,
In their full Vigour, may'ſt miſtake thy Caſe;
For, truſt me, *Love* (that Inmate of the Mind)
Is very much miſtaken by Mankind;
For which too often is miſunderſtood
The ſudden Rage and Madneſs of the Blood:
Thus every common Rake his Flame approves,
And when he's lewd and rampant, thinks he loves.

But

But I, who in that Study am grown old,
Will to my Friend ſuch certain Marks unfold,
By which a real Paſſion he may prove,
And without which he cannot truly love.

How does this Tyrant lord it in thy Mind?
What Symptoms of his Empire doſt thou find?
Doſt thou within perceive the growing Wound?
Does thy Soul ſicken, while thy Body's ſound?
Does in thy Thought ſome blooming Beauty reign,
Whoſe ſtrong Idea mingles Joy with Pain?
When ſhe appears before thee, does ſhe ſpread
O'er thy pale, fading Cheeks a ſudden Red?
Preſs her ſoft Lips, or touch her lillied Hand,
Does thy Heart flutter, does thy Breaſt expand?
If but her Name is mention'd, does it fire
Thy Pulſes with a quick and fierce Deſire?
Does every Glance, like *Jove*'s vindictive Flame,
Shoot thro' thy Veins, and kindle all thy Frame?
From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For he, who wants theſe Symptoms, does not love.

Is to One Woman all your Heart inclin'd?
And can ſhe only charm your conſtant Mind?
For her do all your Morning Wiſhes riſe?
Does ſhe at Night of Slumber rob your Eyes?
Muſing on her, does ſhe alone excite
Your Thoughts by Day, and all your Dreams by Night?

Or does your Heart, for every Nymph you meet,
Own a new Paſſion, and as ſtrongly beat?
Do in your Eyes all Women ſeem the ſame;
And each new Face expel the former Flame?
From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
If you love more than One, you do not love.
Does *Love*, and only *Love*, invade your Heart?
Or is it ſtricken with a golden Dart?
Does the keen Arrow from her Beauty fly,
Or does her Fortune glitter in your Eye?
For, in this Age, how ſeldom is it found,
That *Love* alone inflicts the ſecret Wound?
Silver and Gold are *Cupid*'s ſureſt Arms,
One thouſand Pounds out-weighs ten thouſand Charms.
But art thou ſure that, in thy tender Heart,
Theſe worldly Baubles bear no ſordid Part?
And can'ſt thou ſay, ſincerely can'ſt thou ſay,
Should adverſe Fortune on thy Charmer prey,
That ſtill unchang'd, thy Paſſion would remain?
That ſtill thou would'ſt abide a faithful Swain?
If, in the curſt *South-Sea*, her All were loſt,
Still would her Eyes their former Conqueſts boaſt?
And would ſhe, doſt thou think, in ev'ry State,
The ſame Emotions in thy Soul create?

From

From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For if you ſigh for *Wealth*, you do not love.

Again, my Friend, incline thy patient Ear,
(For thou haſt many Queſtions ſtill to hear)
This choſen Damſel, this triumphant ſhe,
Canſt thou no Blemiſh in her Perſon ſee?
Her Temper, Shape, her Features, and her Air,
(Tho' never yet was born a faultleſs Fair)
Do they all pleaſe? In Body or in Mind,
Canſt thou no Blot nor Imperfection find?
Does o'er her Skin no Mole nor Pimple riſe?
Or do ev'n theſe ſeem Beauties in thy Eyes?
From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For if you ſpy one *Fault*, you do not love.

Do you within, a ſudden Impulſe feel,
To dreſs, look florid, and appear genteel?
Do you affect to ſtrike the gazing Maid
With glittering Gems, with Velvet and Brocade?
Your ſnowy Wriſts do *Mecklin* Pendants grace,
And do the ſmarteſt Wigs adorn thy Face?
Do you correct your Gait, adjuſt your Air,
And bid your Taylor take uncommon Care?
Before your Glaſs each Morning do you ſtand,
And tie your Neck-cloth with a Critic's Hand?
From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For *Dreſſing* ever was a Mark of *Love*.

Do Books and worldly Cares no longer pleaſe?
Can no Diverſions give your Heart-pains Eaſe?

Have Wealth and Honours loſt their wonted Charms?
And does Ambition yield to *Cupid*'s Arms?
Is your whole Frame diſſolv'd, by *Love* in-groſt,
To Study, Intereſt, and Preferment loſt?
From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For if aught elſe prevails, you do not love.
Do all your Thoughts, your Wiſhes, and Deſires,
Comply with her, and burn with mutual Fires?
If ſhe loves Balls, Aſſemblies, Opera's, Plays,
Do they in you the ſame Amuſement raiſe?
If ſhe at Ombre loves to waſte the Night,
Do you in Ombre take the ſame Delight?
If to the Ring her graceful Horſes prance,
Does your new Chariot to the Ring advance?
If in the Mall ſhe chuſes to appear,
Or if at Court, do you attend her there?
What ſhe commends, does your officious Tongue
Approve, and cenſure what ſhe judges wrong?
Are all her Loves and her Averſions thine?
In all her Joys and Sorrows doſt thou join?
Art thou, my Friend, united to her Frame,
Thy Heart, thy Paſſions, and thy Soul the ſame?
From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For without *Sympathy* you cannot love.

Didſt

Didſt thou e'er ſtrive (once more ſincerely ſay)
With Friends and Wine to drive thy Cares away?
And have e'en theſe Endeavours prov'd in vain?
Will neither Friends nor Wine remove thy Pain?
Doſt thou ſit penſive, full of Thought, repine,
And, in thy Turn, forget the circling Wine?
From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For if *Wine* drowns your Flame, you do not love.

Art thou a tame, reſign'd, ſubmiſſive Swain?
Canſt thou bear Scorn, Repulſes, and Diſdain?
Can no ill Treatment nor unkind Returns
Quench the ſtrong Flame, which in thy Marrow burns?
But do they rather aggravate thy Smart,
And give a quicker Edge to every Dart?
Does not each ſcornful Look, or angry Jeſt
Drive the keen Paſſion deeper in thy Breaſt?
Do not her poignant Queſtions and Replies,
Thy partial Ears agreeably ſurprize?
From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For if you can *reſent*, you do not love.

Whole live-long Days you have enjoy'd her Sight;
Say, were your Eyes e'er ſated with Delight?

Did

Did not you wiſh next Moment to return?
Did not your Breaſt with ſtronger Ardours burn?
Did not each View another View provoke?
And every Meeting give a deeper Stroke?
From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For there is no *Satiety* in Love.

Perhaps you judge it an imprudent Flame,
And therefore live at Diſtance from the Dame;
But what is the Effect? does Abſence heal
Thoſe Wounds, which ſmarting in her Sight, you feel?
Does not to her your Mind unbidden ſtray?
Does not your Heart confeſs her diſtant Sway?
Does not each riſing Thought inhance your Pain?
And don't you long to ſee her once again?
From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For that which *Abſence* cancels is not Love.

Suppoſe, once more, your Parents or your Friends,
Either for peeviſh or prudential Ends,
Should thwart thy Choice, thy promis'd Bliſs oppoſe,
Would'ſt thou for her engage all theſe thy Foes?
Would'ſt thou deſpiſe an angry Father's Frown,
And ſcorn the noiſy Cenſures of the Town?

Could'ſt

Could'ſt thou, poſſeſs'd of her, with Patience ſee
The Coxcomb's Finger pointed forth at thee?
Would it not vex you, as you paſs along,
To hear the little Spleen of every Tongue?
" There goes the fond young Fool, who t'other Day,
" In heedleſs Wedlock threw himſelf away;
" And, to indulge the raſh ungovern'd Heat
" Of a vain Paſſion, loſt a good Eſtate?—
Would not ſuch Inſults grate thy tender Ear?
Could'ſt thou beſides, without Compunction, bear
The ſcornful Smile and the diſdainful Sneer?
From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For he, who loves with *Reaſon*, does not love.

Still muſt I touch thee in a tend'rer Part;
Would not a happy Rival ſtab thy Heart?
Could'ſt thou behold the Darling of thy Breaſt
With Freedom by another Youth careſt?
Say, could'ſt thou to thy deareſt Friend afford
A Kiſs, a Smile, or one obliging Word?
Say, at the public Ball or private Dance,
When the briſk Couples artfully advance,
Could'ſt thou, unmov'd with Indignation, ſtand,
If to another ſhe reſign'd her Hand?
Would your Heart reſt at Eaſe? or would it ſwell
With all the Pains, the ſharpeſt Pains of Hell?

From

From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For, without *Jealouſy*, you cannot love.

To the laſt Queſtion of thy truſty Friend
(Tho' many more might ſtill be aſk'd) attend.
To purge her Virtue, or revenge her Wrongs,
(For Beauty is the Theme of buſy Tongues)
Should Blood be call'd for in the doubtful Strife,
Would'ſt thou with Pleaſure part with Blood—or Life?
Would'ſt thou all Dangers in her Cauſe deſpiſe,
And meet unequal Foes for ſuch a Prize?
Would it not plant new Courage in thy Heart,
And double Vigour to thy Arm impart?
To ſcreen thy Miſtreſs from the ſlighteſt Harms,
Would'ſt thou not purchaſe Death, and would not Death have Charms?

From hence a real Paſſion you may prove,
For never yet was *Coward* known to love.

By theſe Preſcriptions judge your inward Part,
Put all theſe Queſtions cloſely to your Heart;
And if by them your Flame you can approve,
Then will I own that you ſincerely love.

The COCK *and the* DOVES.

A FABLE.

Inſcribed to a Friend.

IN Farmer's Yard, one Summer's Day,
A Pair of Doves, like Nature gay,
Sat Bill to Bill; with ſcornful Eye,
And haughty Port, a Cock went by:
He went, but ſoon return'd again,
And twenty Hens compos'd his Train.
He crow'd, and near the Doves he drew,
And rang'd his Females full in View:
The Doves, of all regardleſs ſtill,
Their Attitude was Bill to Bill;
The Cock, impatient of the Sight,
With humbled Vanity and Spight,
Thus taunting, cry'd: 'Methinks all Day,
'Two faithful Doves can bill and play!
'If bleſt, indeed, as ye pretend,
'Your Bliſs is vaſt, and without End!
'But I'm convinc'd 'tis all Pretence,
'Can one to one ſuch Joys diſpenſe?
'I, with a thouſand Beauties bleſt,
'Careſſing all, by all careſs'd;
'Not I can boaſt more Bliſs than you,
'If theſe pretended Joys are true:
'Hence, with your oſtentatious Loves,
'I hate all hypocritic Doves.'

With

With Plumage varying in the Sun,
Tom rais'd his Head, and thus begun:
" Abuſive Scorner! falſely vain!
" Unmov'd, your Inſult we ſuſtain;
" Our mated Loves, endear'd by Truth,
" Survive the tranſient Bloom of Youth:
" Not with the Kiſs our Pleaſure ends;
" Not *Lovers* only— Doves are *Friends*.
" Thro' Life, but one our mutual Aim,
" Our Fears, Hopes, Wiſhes, all the ſame.
" Unlov'd, unloving, wretched Bird!
" With Female Rakes, a Rake you herd.
" When ſtung by Jealouſy or Rage,
" You bold and bloody Combat wage,
" Of all your Train, will one ſtand by;
" With panting Breaſt, and wiſhful Eye?
" You fall— another fills your Place;
" Moſt welcome ſtill the neweſt Face."
As meet, her Place *Tom*'s Female knew;
(In Turtles prudent Wives we view)
Silent ſhe ſat, with Rapture high,
Full on dear *Tom* was fix'd her Eye.
— Yet as he finiſh'd, 'tis confeſt,
She arch'd her Neck, and rear'd her Creſt;
As proud to own the glorious Cauſe,
And clapt her Wings, and coo'd Applauſe.
' Go! (cry'd the Cock) my Soul diſdains
' To make Reply! Go, hug your Chains!'
He ſcarce had ended, when behold,
A Rival comes, as young, as bold!

His

His wanton Wiſh his Looks proclaim;
With anſw'ring Looks the Females came:
His Wiſh they crown'd, he crows aloud;
His Death the rival'd Boaſter vow'd:
They fight, and dreadful Scenes enſue,
Their Females, unconcern'd, withdrew.
This dies; our Hero, maim'd, ſurvives,
The Scorn of all his twenty Wives.
Opprobrious, now, he hides his Head;
None mourn the Wounded, nor the Dead.
New Rakes, new Loves, new Broils ſucceed,
They riot, envy, fight, and bleed.
With ſpeechleſs Joy the Turtles glow'd,
Their Joys their meeting Glances ſhow'd:
And bleſs'd the gracious Pow'r above,
That each at firſt was form'd a Dove.
Let others take from Cocks their Cue,
And range wide Nature's Common thro';
By Doves inſtructed, you and I,
Each with his one can live and die.

The HERMIT.

A TALE.

By Mr. PARNELL.

FAR in a Wild, unknown to public View,
From Youth to Age, a rev'rend Hermit grew:

The

The Moſs his Bed, the Cave his humble Cell,
His Food the Fruits, his Drink the cryſtal Well:
Remote from Man, with God he paſs'd the Days,
Pray'r all his Bus'neſs, all his Pleaſure Praiſe.
A Life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene Repoſe,
Seem'd Heav'n itſelf, 'till one Suggeſtion roſe;
That Vice ſhould triumph, Virtue Vice obey,
This ſprung ſome Doubt of Providence's Sway:
His Hopes no more a certain Proſpect boaſt,
And all the Tenor of his Soul is loſt:
So when a ſmooth Expanſe receives impreſt
Calm Nature's Image on its wat'ry Breaſt,
Down bend the Banks, the Trees depending grow,
And Skies beneath with anſw'ring Colours glow.
But if a Stone the gentle Sea divide,
Swift ruffling Circles curl on ev'ry Side;
And glimm'ring Fragments of a broken Sun,
Banks, Trees, and Skies, in thick Diſorder run.
To clear this Doubt, to know the World by Sight,
To find if Books or Swains report it right;
(For yet by Swains alone the World he knew,
Whoſe Feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly Dew)
He quits his Cell; the Pilgrim-Staff he bore,
And fix'd the Scallop in his Hat before;

Then

Then with the Sun a riſing Journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each Event.
The Morn was waſted in the pathleſs Graſs,
And long and loneſome was the Wild to paſs;
But when the *Southern* Sun had warm'd the Day,
A Youth came poſting o'er a croſſing Way;
His Raiment decent, his Complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful Ringlets wav'd his Hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd;
And hail, my Son! the rev'rend Sire reply'd:
Words follow'd Words, from Queſtion Anſwer flow'd,
And Talk of various Kind deceiv'd the Road;
'Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their Age they differ, join in Heart:
Thus ſtands an aged Elm in Ivy bound,
Thus youthful Ivy claſps an Elm around.
Now ſunk the Sun; the cloſing Hour of Day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober Grey;
Nature in Silence bid the World repoſe;
When near the Road a ſtately Palace roſe:
There, by the Moon, thro' Ranks of Trees they paſs,
Whoſe Verdure crown'd their ſloping Sides of Graſs.

It chanc'd, the noble Maſter of the Dome
Still made his Houſe the wand'ring Stranger's Home:
Yet ſtill the Kindneſs, from a Thirſt of Praiſe,
Prov'd the vain Flouriſh of expenſive Eaſe.
The Pair arrive; the liv'ry'd Servants wait;
Their Lord receives them at the pompous Gate.
The Table groans with coſtly Piles of Food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good.
Then led to Reſt, the Day's long Toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in Sleep, and Silk, and Heaps of Down.
At length 'tis Morn, and, at the Dawn of Day,
Along the wide Canals the *Zephyrs* play;
Freſh o'er the gay Parterres the Breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighb'ring Wood to baniſh Sleep.
Up riſe the Gueſts, obedient to the Call,
An early Banquet deck'd the ſplendid Hall;
Rich luſcious Wine a golden Goblet grac'd,
Which the kind Maſter forc'd the Gueſts to taſte.
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the Porch they go;
And, but the Landlord, none had Cauſe of Woe:

His

His Cup was vaniſh'd; for, in ſecret Guiſe,
The younger Gueſt purloin'd the glitt'ring Prize.
As one, who ſpies a Serpent in his Way,
Gliſt'ning and baſking in the Summer Ray,
Diſorder'd, ſtops to ſhun the Danger near,
Then walks with Faintneſs on, and looks with Fear:
So ſeem'd the Sire; when, far upon the Road,
The ſhining Spoil his wily Partner ſhow'd.
He ſtopp'd with Silence, walk'd with trembling Heart,
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk to part:
Murm'ring, he lifts his Eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous Actions meet a baſe Reward.
While thus they paſs, the Sun his Glory ſhrouds,
The changing Skies hang out their ſable Clouds;
A Sound in Air preſag'd approaching Rain,
And Beaſts to Covert ſcud acroſs the Plain.
Warn'd by the Signs, the wand'ring Pair retreat,
To ſeek for Shelter at a neighb'ring Seat.
'Twas built with Turrets, on a riſing Ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its Owner's Temper, tim'rous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a Deſert there.

As

As near the Miſer's heavy Doors they drew,
Fierce riſing Guſts with ſudden Fury blew;
The nimble Light'ning mix'd with Show'rs began,
And o'er their Heads loud-rolling Thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the Wind, and batter'd by the Rain.
At length ſome Pity warm'd the Maſter's Breaſt,
('Twas then his Threſhold firſt receiv'd a Gueſt)
Slow creaking turns the Door with jealous Care,
And half he welcomes in the ſhiv'ring Pair;
One frugal Faggot lights the naked Walls,
And Nature's Fervour thro' their Limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarſeſt Sort, with eager Wine,
(Each hardly granted) ſerv'd them both to dine;
And when the Tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready Warning bid them part in Peace.
With ſtill Remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd,
In one ſo rich, a Life ſo poor and rude;
And why ſhould ſuch (within himſelf he cry'd)
Lock the loſt Wealth a Thouſand want beſide?
But what new Marks of Wonder ſoon took Place
In ev'ry ſettling Feature of his Face!

When

When from his Veſt the young Companion bore
That Cup, the gen'rous Landlord own'd before;
And paid profuſely, with the precious Bowl,
The ſtinted Kindneſs of this churliſh Soul!
But now the Clouds in airy Tumults fly,
The Sun emerging opes an azure Sky;
A freſher Green the ſmelling Leaves diſplay,
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, chear the Day:
The Weather courts them from the poor Retreat,
And the glad Maſter bolts the wary Gate.
While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's Boſom wrought
With all the Travel of uncertain Thought;
His Partner's Acts without their Cauſe appear,
'Twas there a Vice, and ſeem'd a Madneſs here:
Deteſting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various Shows.
Now Night's dim Shades again involve the Sky;
Again the Wand'rers want a Place to lie,
Again they ſearch, and find a Lodging nigh.
The Soil improv'd around, the Manſion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its Maſter's Turn of Mind,
Content, and not for Praiſe, but Virtue kind.

Hither

Hither the Walkers turn with weary Feet,
Then bleſs the Manſion, and the Maſter greet:
Their Greeting fair, beſtow'd with modeſt Guiſe,
The courteous Maſter hears, and thus replies:
Without a vain, without a grudging Heart,
To Him who gives us all, I yield a Part;
From Him you come, for Him accept it here,
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly Cheer.
He ſpoke, and bid the welcome Table ſpread,
Then talk'd of Virtue till the Time of Bed,
When the grave Houſhold round his Hall repair,
Warn'd by a Bell, and cloſe the Hours with Pray'r.
At length the World, renew'd by calm Repoſe,
Was ſtrong for Toil, the dappled Morn aroſe;
Before the Pilgrims part, the Younger crept
Near the clos'd Cradle where an Infant ſlept,
And writh'd his Neck; the Landlord's little Pride,
O ſtrange Return! grew black, and gaſp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of Horrors! what! his only Son!
How look'd our Hermit when the Fact was done?

Not

Not Hell, tho' Hell's black Jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue Fire, cou'd more aſſault his Heart.
Confus'd, and ſtruck with Silence at the Deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with Speed.
His Steps the Youth purſues; the Country lay
Perplex'd with Roads, a Servant ſhow'd the Way:
A River croſs'd the Path; the Paſſage o'er
Was nice to find, the Servant trod before:
Long Arms of Oaks an open Bridge ſupply'd,
And deep the Waves beneath the Bending glide.
The Youth, who ſeem'd to watch a Time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs Guide, and thruſt him in:
Plunging he falls, and riſing, lifts his Head,
Then flaſhing turns, and ſinks among the Dead.
Wild, ſparkling Rage inflames the Father's Eyes,
He burſts the Bands of Fear, and madly cries,
Deteſted Wretch!——But ſcarce his Speech began,
When the ſtrange Partner ſeem'd no longer Man.
His youthful Face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His Robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his Feet:

Fair Rounds of radiant Points inveſt his Hair;
Celeſtial Odours breathe thro' purpled Air:
And Wings, whoſe Colours glitter'd on the Day,
Wide at his Back their gradual Plumes diſplay.
The Form etherial, burſts upon his Sight,
And moves in all the Majeſty of Light.
Tho' loud at firſt the Pilgrim's Paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;
Surprize, in ſecret Chains, his Words ſuſpends,
And, in a Calm, his ſettling Temper ends.
But Silence here the beauteous Angel broke,
(The Voice of Muſic raviſh'd as he ſpoke.)
Thy Pray'r, thy Praiſe, thy Life to Vice unknown,
In ſweet Memorial riſe before the Throne:
Theſe Charms, Succeſs in our bright Region find,
And force an Angel down to calm thy Mind;
For this commiſſion'd, I forſook the Sky;
Nay, ceaſe to kneel— Thy Fellow Servant I.
Then know the Truth of Government divine,
And let theſe Scruples be no longer thine.
The Maker juſtly claims that World he made,
In this the Right of Providence is laid;
Its ſacred Majeſty thro' all depends
On uſing ſecond Means to work his Ends.

'Tis

'Tis thus, withdrawn in State from human
Eye,
The Pow'r exerts his Attributes on high,
Your Actions uſes, nor controuls your Will,
And bids the doubting Sons of Men be ſtill.
What ſtrange Events can ſtrike with more
Surprize,
Than thoſe which lately ſtruck thy wond'ring
Eyes?
Yet taught by theſe, confeſs th'Almighty juſt,
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt.
The great, vain Man, who far'd on coſtly
Food,
Whoſe Life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his Iv'ry Stands with Goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his Gueſts to Morning Draughts of
Wine,
Has, with the Cup, the graceleſs Cuſtom loſt,
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of Coſt.
The mean, ſuſpicious Wretch, whoſe bolted
Door,
Ne'er mov'd in Duty to the wand'ring Poor;
With him I left the Cup, to teach his Mind,
That Heav'n can bleſs, if Mortals will be kind.
Conſcious of wanting Worth, he views the Bowl,
And feels Compaſſion touch his grateful Soul.
Thus Artiſts melt the ſullen Ore of Lead,
With heaping Coals of Fire upon its Head;
In the kind Warmth the Metal learns to glow,
And, looſe from Droſs, the Silver runs below.

Long had our pious Friend in Virtue trod,
But now the Child half-wean'd his Heart from God;
(Child of his Age) for him he liv'd in Pain,
And meaſur'd back his Steps to Earth again.
To what Exceſſes had his Dotage run?
But God, to ſave the Father, took the Son.
To all but thee, in Fits he ſeem'd to go,
(And 'twas my Miniſtry to deal the Blow.)
The poor fond Parent, humbled in the Duſt,
Now owns, in Tears, the Puniſhment was juſt.
But how had all his Fortune felt a Wrack,
Had that falſe Servant ſped in Safety back?
This Night his treaſur'd Heaps he meant to ſteal,
And what a Fund of Charity wou'd fail!
Thus Heav'n inſtructs thy Mind; this Trial o'er,
Depart in Peace, reſign, and ſin no more.
On ſounding Pinions here the Youth withdrew,
The Sage ſtood wond'ring as the *Seraph* flew.
Thus look'd *Eliſha*, when, to mount on high,
His Maſter took the Chariot of the Sky.
The fiery Pomp aſcending left the View;
The Prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a Pray'r begun,
Lord! as in Heav'n, on Earth thy Will be done.
Then gladly turning, ſought his ancient Place,
And paſs'd a Life of Piety and Peace.

The CATTERPILLAR *and* BUTTERFLY.

A FABLE.

THE Morning bluſh'd with vivid Red,
And Night in ſullen Silence fled;
Sad *Philomel* no more complains,
The Lark begins his ſprightly Strains;
Light paints the Flow'rs of various Hue,
And ſparkles in the pendant Dew:
Life moves o'er all the quicken'd Green,
And Beauty reigns, unrival'd Queen.
Green as the Leaf on which he lay,
A Catterpillar wak'd to Day;
And look'd around, and chanc'd to 'ſpy
A Leaf of more inviting Dye;
From where he lay, he crawl'd, and found,
The verdant Spot's indented bound;
Stretch'd from the Verge, he ſtrove to gain
The neighb'ring Leaf, but ſtrove in vain.

In that nice Moment, prompt to ſave,
A Brother Worm this Warning gave.
" O! turn, advent'rous as thou art,
Nor hence, deceiv'd by Hope, depart:
What tho' the Leaf, that tempts thee, ſhows
More taſteful Food, more ſoft Repoſe;
What, tho' with brighter Spangles gay,
Its Dew reflects an earlier Ray?
O! think what Dangers guard the Prize;
O! think what Dangers, and be wiſe!
The Paſs from Leaf to Leaf forbear;
Behold how high they wave in Air!
And ſhou'dſt thou fall, tremendous Thought!
What Ruin wou'd avenge thy Fault?
Thy mangled Carcaſe, writh'd with Pain,
Shall mark with Blood the duſty Plain.
Then Death, the Dread of all below,
Thy Wiſh—alone can end thy Woe.
Untimely Death, for now to die,
Is ne'er to riſe a *Butterfly*."
' A Butterfly!' th' *Advent'rer* cries,
' What's that?' " A Bird," his Friend replies,
To which this reptile Form ſhall riſe;
The joyful Seaſon Time ſhall bring,
He bears it on his rapid Wing.
An Age there is, when all our Kind
Diſdain the Ground, and mount the Wind:
And ſhou'd'ſt thou, Friend, this Age attain—
(With Haſte the Worm reply'd again)

'Say, what Aſſurance canſt thou give,
That I with Birds a Bird ſhall live:
For cou'd I truſt thy pleaſing Tale,
No wanton Wiſh ſhou'd e'er prevail:
For what that Worms obtain, can vie
With Bliſs of Birds that wing the Sky?'
—"Believe my Words, th' Adviſer ſaid,
Since not of private Int'reſt bred;
Not on thy Life or Death depend
My Pleaſure or my Pain——Attend!
Like thee, to all the future blind,
I knew not Wings for Worms deſign'd;
Till laſt yon Sun's aſcending Light
Remov'd the duſky Shades of Night.
Soon as his Rays, from Heav'n ſublime,
Shone on that Leaf you wiſh to climb;
That Leaf, which ſhades, in earlieſt Hours,
This leſs conſpicuous Spot of ours:
Surpriz'd, a lovely Form I ſaw,
That touch'd me with Delight and Awe;
'Twas near, and while my Looks betray'd
My Wonder, thus the Stranger ſaid:
"If view'd by thee, with wond'rous Eyes,
My graceful Shape and vary'd dies;
New Wonder ſtill prepare to feel,
Amazing Truths my Words reveal:
For know, like thine my humble Birth;
Like thee, I crawl'd a Worm on Earth."
"Ah! mock me not, ſaid I, nor ſeek
A worthleſs Triumph o'er the Weak.

Canſt thou, thy Form with Down o'erſpread,
By Nature crown'd thy regal Head?
Canſt thou my reptile Shape have worn?
My reptile Shape, of all the Scorn!
Haſt thou! whoſe gorgeous Wings diſplay
Each vary'd Tint that drinks the Day;
More bright than Drops of orient Dew,
More gay than Flow'rs of gaudieſt Hue;
With Purple edg'd, and fring'd with Gold,
Like Light, too ſplendid to behold!
Haſt thou, an abject Worm like me,
Crawl'd prone on Earth? it cannot be."
" O! ceaſe thy Doubts, the Stranger cry'd,
To Faith thy Happineſs ally'd——
Not thrice the Morn theſe Eyes have view'd,
Since genial Spring my Life renew'd:
From Death-like Slumbers wak'd, I found
A guardian Shell inveſt me round.
The circling Shield I broke, nor knew
How long my Safety thence I drew;
But ſoon perceiv'd, and knew the Spot,
Where once, a Worm, I fix'd my Lot:
The *paſt*, with Wonder, touch'd my Breaſt,
More Wonder ſtill the *now* impreſt;
With Pleaſure mixt,—the Pleaſure grew,
At ev'ry Thought, at ev'ry View:
Transform'd, my unknown Pow'r I try,
I wave my Wings! I riſe! I fly!
Enraptur'd with the bliſsful Change,
From Field to Field I wanton rage;

From

From Flow'r to Flow'r, from Tree to Tree,
And ſee whate'er I wiſh to ſee.
Now glide along the daiſy'd Ground,
Now wheel in wanton Circles round;
Now mount aloft, and ſport in Air,
Tranſported, when I will, and where.
Still preſent to whate'er invites,
Each Moment brings me new Delights:
Nor Fear allays the Joy I know,
The Dangers ſcorn'd that lurk below;
No trampling Hoof, my former Dread,
Can cruſh me, mangled, to the Dead.
Ev'n Man himſelf purſues, in vain,
My ſportive Circuit o'er the Plain."
He ſaid, and raptur'd with the Thought,
New Charms his bright'ning Plumage caught,
He clapp'd his Wings, his rapid Flight
I trac'd, with fond deſiring Sight;
O! glorious State—reſerv'd to this,
I riſk not Life for reptile Bliſs:
O! catch the glowing Wiſh from me,
The ſame the Bliſs reſerv'd for thee:
Deſiſt from ev'ry raſh Deſign,
And Beauty, Plumes, and Wings are thine.
He ceas'd, th' *Advent'rer* thus reply'd;
'By thee the fanſied Change be try'd,
The *now* is mine, the *now* alone,
The *future* Fate's—a dark unknown!
To *Nature*'s Voice my Ears incline;
All lovely, loving, all divine!

To Joy *ſhe* courts, *ſhe* points the Way,
And chides this cold, this dull Delay.
Farewel—let Hope thy Bliſs ſupply,
And count thy Gains with Fancy's Eye.
Be thine the Wings that Time ſhall ſend,
Believing and obliging Friend—'
He ſaid, and ſneering ſly Diſdain,
The neighb'ring Leaf attempts to gain;
He falls—all bruis'd on Earth he lies;
Too late repents, and groans, and dies.
His friendly Monitor, with Care,
Avoids each Pleaſure-baited Snare;
Falſe Pleaſure, falſe, and fatal too!
Superior Joys he keeps in View:
They come—the genial Spring ſupplies
The Wings he hop'd, and, lo! he flies!
Taſtes all that Summer Suns prepare,
And all the Joys of Earth and Air!

The KNIGHTS *of the* BATH.

A TALE.

To his Grace the Duke of MONTAGUE.

By Mr. COOKE.

SAY, ſhall the Brave like common Mortals die,
And Acts of Virtue in Oblivion lie?
The Muſe forbids, who, in recording Lays,
Gives ever to Deſert the Song of Praiſe.
What, tho' the Tale is not to *Anſtis* known?
Whate'er the Muſe recalls ſhe makes her own;
Who, conſcious of thy Worth, would give to Fame
Thy Charms *Matilda*, and *Carvilior*'s Flame.
Attend, my Lord, while I the Tale reſtore;
Protect the Poet, and he aſks no more;
Refuſe not to regard this humble Strain,
Thou juſt Preſider o'er th' illuſtr'ous Train.
E're the firſt *Cæſar* did our Iſle ſubdue,
When *Britons* nought but *Britiſh* Virtue knew,
Cingetorix, in his Domains content,
Confin'd his Empire to the Bounds of *Kent*.
No Luſt of Pow'r drives him to Realms unknown,
To rob his Neighbours, and enlarge his own.

At

At Home no Fear his Peace of Mind moleſts;
He rules, no Tyrant, over loyal Breaſts.
Thrice happy Land, 'tis here the *Druids* ſing,
And are Companions only for the King.
Far hence away the Sons of Battle rage,
Unknown, O! *Albion*, to thy golden Age.

One only Daughter was this Prince's Care,
Chaſte as *Diana*, and as *Venus* fair;
When in the Woods the Nymph delights to rove,
Matilda walks the *Dian* of the Grove;
Or, if the regal Dome is her Reſort,
Matilda ſhines the *Venus* of the Court;
If in the Grove, or in the Court, ſhe moves,
She's ſtill attended by a thouſand Loves;
Each from her Eyes a thouſand Arrows darts,
And leads in Triumph each a thouſand Hearts.
All Eyes which ſee her once confeſs her Sway,
And her bright Image never fades away.

Among the Youths, who dar'd to vow their Flame,
A poor, but gallant, Prince, *Carvilior*, came;
He walk'd a God amidſt th' admiring Throng,
The darling Subject of the *Druid*'s Song.
To all the Beauties of a Form, were join'd
Th' unſully'd Virtues of a Soul refin'd.
His ev'ry Act, his ev'ry Word, could move;
Maſter of all the Rhetoric of Love.

Of all the Suitors who the Fair addreſs'd,
None found a Paſſage to her virtuous Breaſt,

But

But Prince *Carvilior*. Firſt her Eyes approve,
Forc'd from her Heart at laſt to call it Love.
They love, the Cauſe the ſame, they both adore;
Much do their Perſons charm, their Virtues more.
Long had they both with mutual Anguiſh burn'd,
And, unmoleſted, Sigh for Sigh return'd.
Now in the Court, now in the lonely Walk,
Pleas'd with the ſweet Varieties of Talk.
Their Vows in Secret they prefer to Fate,
In Life, in Love, to grant an equal Date:
And who ſo bleſs'd, who half ſo bleſs'd, as they?
In Love we fancy all a Summer Day!
When moſt ſecure of all our Wiſh we ſtand,
Oft' are we caſt upon a barren Land;
For cruel Fortune will a Moment find,
A Moment to the Lover's Hopes unkind.
Cingetorix had now their Paſſion ſeen,
He ſcan'd *Carvilior*'s Form, his Air, his Mien;
Much did he ſtrive to count his Virtues o'er,
He found them many; but he found him poor.
It is reſolv'd. In vain our Virtues plead,
And weak their Succour in the Time of Need.
Th' obdurate Sire forbids his longer Stay,
The Lover drives, without a Look, away.
Soon as he hears the rigid Father's Mind,
The Prince obeys, and leaves his Soul behind.

Baniſh'd

Baniſh'd the Court, and forc'd from all he loves,
A ſudden Shade he ſeeks, the lonely Groves.
To the bleak Plains, wild as his Thoughts, he flies,
And begs the King may ſee with younger Eyes.
He ſhuns all Converſe for the ſilent Bow'rs;
And wears away with Grief the lazy Hours.
Now on the Margin of a murm'ring Stream
He ſits all Day, and makes the Nymph his Theme.
Of Health regardleſs, on the Turf he lies,
Loſt to all Joy, till Sleep has clos'd his Eyes:
On Beds of Roſes now he ſeems to reſt,
There reigns, *Matilda*, Monarch of thy Breaſt;
All his paſs'd Scenes of Bliſs his Dreams reſtore;
O! kind Deluſion! he's a Wretch no more.
The *Phantom* flies, and leaves him to his Pain;
He wakes, alas! and is a Wretch again.
While thus the Prince his Loſs, *Matilda*, bears,
Counting the Moments each an Age of Cares,
Alike the Fair of adverſe Stars complains,
And for *Carvilior* feels *Carvilior*'s Pains.
True to her Love, as conſtant to her Grief,
She feeds on Sorrow, and denies Relief.
To her no more the bright Aſſembly's gay;
Nothing has Charms; and Day no more is Day.

As

As when the Sun bears from our Eyes the Light,
And for a-while leaves half the World in Night,
No more the Roſe in purple Pride is ſeen,
The painted Tulip, nor the Willow green;
So to the Fair all worldly Charms are dead,
Her Sun, that gave the Day, *Carvilior*'s fled.
His wiſh'd for Abſence frees from their Deſpair,
The Croud of Lovers that addreſs the Fair!
All hope Advantage from *Carvilior*'s Pain,
And all their Vows renew, and all in vain.
With mighty Dow'rs ſome ſtrive her Soul to move;
And Crowns are laid to be the Snares of Love.
Nor mighty Dow'rs, nor Crowns, can change the Dame,
True to her Virtue, and her firſt-born Flame.
At a ſmall Diſtance from the Palace ſtood,
For ſweet Retirement, a convenient Wood;
There would the Princeſs, with her Maid, remove,
To ſhun the Concourſe of deteſted Love.
And now the Damſels crop the woodland Flow'rs,
Now tell her tender Tales in fragrant Bow'rs;
Now ſecret to the inmoſt Shade they go,
Where a cool riv'let's ſilver Currents flow;
In which diveſted of the Veil of Dreſs,
Whene'er ſhe blaz'd in modeſt Nakedneſs,

The

The Sun enamour'd, as Traditions ſay,
Would, gazing on her Charms, prolong the Day.
Hither two Lords, who long, too long, had borne
Thy Frowns, *Matilda*, and of Love the Scorn,
As void of Fear the Nymphs were bathing, came,
And bleſs'd the Hour that ſhould revenge their Shame.
Once jealous Rivals, now with Vengeance fir'd,
They league againſt the Virtues they admir'd.
Behind a Thicket they conceal'd remain,
And view the Goddeſs with her Virgin Train;
Her iv'ry Arms, and ſnowy Breaſts, explore,
The Waves forbid it, they can ſee no more.
They doubt, or ſhall they bear the Fair away,
Or act their Horrors in the Face of Day.
The dire Remembrance of their ſlighted Flame,
Their burning Paſſion for the ſcornful Dame,
Their brutal Nature, prone to Rapes, combine
To execute in Haſte the black Deſign.
Quick on the River's Bank each Monſter ſtands,
Fire in their Looks, their Poniards in their Hands;

No outward Signs their deepeſt Thoughts diſ-
guiſe,
For their dark Souls glare dreadful thro' their
Eyes.
To hide their naked Charms the Virgins ſtrove,
And their Shrieks echo'd thro' the plaintive
Grove.
The boding Cries *Carvilior*'s Ears invade,
Who penſive lay beneath a diſtant Shade;
He knew the much lov'd Voice, and from the
Ground
Starting, he trembled at the well-known
Sound;
His Bow, and Quiver, o'er his Arms he threw,
And, wing'd with Love, ſwift as the Winds
he flew.
Soon on the Bank he ſtood, a new Surprize!
For poor *Matilda* ſcarce believ'd her Eyes.
Deſiſt, he cry'd aloud, nor touch the Fair;
An unexpected Foe demands your Care.
Then to the Head he drew the barbed Dart,
And found a Paſſage to a Traytor's Heart;
The Villain proſtrate on the Ground he laid,
A breathleſs Victim to the virtuous Maid.
To ſhun his Fate by Flight the ſecond ſtrove,
And ſought for Refuge in the ſhady Grove.
The Prince purſues faſt as the Wretch can fly,
Reſolv'd his Vengeance to compleat, or die.
Mean-while the Damſels to the Shade repair,
Studious to dreſs, and to relieve, the Fair;

With

With her they Prince *Carvilior*'s Fate deplore,
And fear for him, as for themſelves before;
But ſoon their Fears are with their Danger fled,
And now the Nymph uprears her drooping Head;
For lo! the bleſs'd Preſerver of her Fame,
Safe from the Work of Fate, and Juſtice, came.
Quick to his Breaſt he claſp'd the love-ſick Maid,
And thought the Toils he bore were well repay'd.
In ſilent Raptures they their Joys reveal,
Which none can well deſcribe, but when they feel.
So ſhall the Soul, if true the Sages ſay,
Mark out her Partner in the laſt great Day;
As great as thoſe met to eternal Eaſe,
Tho' not ſo laſting, are the Joys of theſe.

Soon as the good old King the Story hears,
He owns the godlike Act in gen'rous Tears;
A thouſand Sorrows ſwell his lab'ring Breaſt,
To ſee ſuch Virtues by himſelf oppreſs'd.
His royal Griefs confeſs his Senſe of Shame;
And now he hears with Joy *Carvilior*'s Name,
Firmly reſolv'd, impatient of Delay,
Not to defer the marriage Rites a Day:
And that the Tale might e'er be told on Earth,
And ſuch a Pattern of heroic Worth,

To

To future Ages might be handed down,
He thrice twelve gallant Youths, of high Renown,
Selected Souls, of all the Land the Flow'r,
Appointed to adorn the bridal Hour.
They go, conducted by the Man divine,
Full of Devotion to the ſacred Shrine.
Before the Altar to the God they bow;
And make, with Zeal unfeign'd, the ſolemn Vow:
To give, in Time of Need, the wretched Aid;
To guard, from brutal Force, the ſpotleſs Maid.
And thus, my Lord, the Knights of *Bath* began,
In Honour to the brave and godlike Man;
An Order, ever to *Carvilior's* Fame,
Which from the Virgins *bathing* took the Name.

SNAITH MARSH.

A Yorkſhire *Paſtoral.*

YOung *Robin* of the Plain, 'erſt* blitheſt Blade
That e'er with Sickle keen the Fields diſray'd,

* An old Word ſignifying Time paſt.

Who

Who whiſtling drove the ſmoking Teem along,
Or trimm'd the thorny Fence, with ruſtic Song,
Thro' ev'ry Seaſon buſy, ſtill, and gay,
He plough'd, he ſow'd; he made, and ſtack'd the Hay,
Not dreary Winter reach'd to *Robin*'s Breaſt,
He thraſh'd, he winnow'd, and he crack'd his Jeſt.
But now, nor Spring's Return with Joy he ſees,
Nor flow'ry Plain he heeds, nor budding Trees,
Nor Linnet warbling from the dewy Brakes,
Nor early Lark who tow'ring Circles takes,
Nor tuneful Thruſhes from the Hedge that ſing,
Nor the ſhrill Blackbird's Welcome to the Spring.
Againſt a Gate he leans in rueful Plight,
And eyes the Plain that late was *Snaith Marſh* Hight.
Ah! wae * is me, thus doleful 'gan he mourn:
Ah! wae the Time, whenever I was born,
But far more waeful ſtill that luckleſs Day,
Which with the Commons gave *Snaith Marſh* away,
Snaith Marſh our whole Town's Pride, the poor Man's Bread,
Where, tho' no Rent he paid, his Cattle fed,

* Woe.

Fed

Fed on the ſweeteſt Graſs which here riſe * grew,
Common to all, nor Fence, nor Landmark knew,
Whoſe flow'ry Turf no crooked Share had raz'd,
Nor wide deſtroying Scythe its Green effac'd.
But now, ah! now, it ſtoops, ſad ſeet † I ween, ‡
In mony a Row, with Rails ſuſpended 'tween.
Wae warth § the Day, when tic'd ſure by old *Nick*,
All to grow rich at once, like Neighbour *Dick*,
To Town I high'd, and on a luckleſs Fair,
For Cattle here to graze, war'd ‖ all my Gear, ¶
And boldly ventur'd at one Caſt to buy,
A deft ** fine breading Mear ††, and newted Whye ‡‡,
Ten Ewes, a Tup §§, and more, a Flock of Geeſe,
All which I thought would here ſo faſt increaſe,
That tho' they'd coſt me all my worldly Store,
I rekenn'd ſoon to gain as mickle more,
But now *Snaith Marſh*'s taid |||, and all my Gain blown o'er.

* Plentiful. † Sight. ‡ Think or conceive. § A Phraſe. ‖ Laid out. ¶ Riches. ** Lively or nimble. †† Mare. ‡‡ New calv'd young Cow. §§ A Ram. ||| Took.

My

My goodly Stock, e'er yet they taſted Food,
By croſs-grain'd Hinds were driv'n from their Abode,
Tho' leſt bad Neighbours might have ow'd me ſpight,
I fore-hand taid a Houſe to give me Right,
With bonny *Suſan* where I hop'd to dwell,
But now I prove that Proverb on myſell *,
Which ſays, that one Grief brings another on,
Too ſure, alas! and mine will ne'er have done,
For *Suſan*, whom I thought my Sweetheart true,
When as my Croſſes came 'gan look aſkue;
And what than all beſide my Heart moſt pains,
For landed *Roger*, now my Love diſdains,
Roger not to be nam'd with me, I trow,
More than Muckmidden † vile, with Barley Mow;
But *Roger* has a Houſe in yonder Lane,
And my ſad Loſs proves ev'ry Way his Gain;
Yet wilt thou, *Suſan?* wilt thou, ſelfiſh Laſs!
For Sake of ſordid Wealth, thy Love debaſe?
No, do not think Content is in mich Store,
But be to *Robin* kind, as heretofore,
And we'll in Love be bleſs'd, tho' *Snaith Marſh* be no more.
Alas! will *Roger* e'er his Sleep forego?
Afore Larks ſing, or early Cock 'gin crow,
As I've for thee, ungrateful Maiden, done,
To help thee milking, e'er Day-wark begun,

* Self. † Dunghill.

And

And when thy well-ſtript Kye * would yield
no more,
Still on my Head the reeking † Kit I bore.
And, oh! bethink thee, then, what loveſome
Talk,
We've held together ganging down the Balk ‡,
Maundring § at Time which wou'd na ‖ for us
ſtay,
But now, I ween, mais ¶ no ſuch Haſte away.
Yet, O! return eftſoon **, and eaſe my Woe,
And to ſome diſtant Pariſh let us go,
And there again them leetſome †† Days re-
ſtore,
Where unaſſail'd by meety ‡‡ Folk in Pow'r,
Our Cattle yet may feed, tho' *Snaith Marſh*
be no more.

But wae is me, I wot, I fand §§ am grown,
Forgetting *Suſan* is already gone,
And *Roger* aims ‖‖ e'er *Lady-day* to wed,
The Bands laſt *Sunday* in the Church were bid;
But let me, let me, firſt i'th' Churchyard lig ¶¶,
For ſoon I there muſt gang, my Grief's ſo big.
All others in their Loſs ſome Comfort find,
Tho' *Ned*'s like me reduc'd, yet *Jenny*'s kind,

* Cow. † Pail. ‡ A Land in the Field for Foot-Paths and Carriages. § Finding Fault. ‖ Not. ¶ Makes. ** An old Word for very ſoon. †† Lightſome or very chearful. ‡‡ Mighty Men. §§ Fooliſh or ſtupid. ‖‖ Intends. ¶¶ Be laid.

And

And tho' his Fleece no more our Parſon takes,
And roaſt Gooſe dainty Food, his Table lacks,
Yet he for Tythes ill-paid, gets better Land,
While I am ev'ry Way o'th' loſing Hand:
My Adlings * war'd, and yet my Rent to pay,
My Geeſe, like *Suſan*'s Faith, flown far away,
My Cattle, like their Maſter, lank and poor,
My Heart with hopeleſs Love to Pieces tore,
And all theſe Sorrows came, ſyne *Snaith* *Marſh* was no more.

* Earnings.

The BROCADED GOWN *and* LINEN RAG.

A FABLE.

FROM a fine Lady to her Maid,
A Gown deſcended of Brocade,
French?—Yes from *Paris*—that's enough,
That wou'd give Dignity to Stuff.
By Accident, or by Deſign,
Or from ſome Cauſe, I can't divine,
A Linen Rag (ſad Source of Wrangling!)
On a contiguous Peg was dangling,
Vilely beſmear'd—for late its Maſter
It ſerv'd in Quality of Plaiſter.

The

The Gown, contemptuous Beholder,
Gave a *French* Shrug from either Shoulder,
And ruſtling with Emotion furious,
Beſpoke the Rag in Terms injurious:
" Unfit for Tinder, Lint, or *Fodder*,
" Thou Thing of Filth, and (what is odder)
" Diſcarded from thy Owner's Iſſue,
" Dare you approach Brocade and Tiſſue?
" Inſtant away — or in this Place
" *Be gar me* give you *Coup de Grace.*"
To this reply'd the honeſt Rag,
Who likes a Jeſt, and was a Wag,
' Tho' thy glib Tongue without an Halt run,
' Thou ſhabby, ſecond-hand, Subaltern,
' At once ſo antient and ſo eaſy,
' At once ſo gorgeous and ſo greaſy,
' I value not your gaſconading,
' Nor all your *A-la-mode* parading.
' But to abſtain from Words imperious,
' And to be ſober, grave, and ſerious,
' (Tho', ſays Friend *Horace*, 'tis no Treaſon
' At once to giggle, and to Reaſon)
' When me you leſſen, Friend, you dream,
' For know I am not what I ſeem.
' Soon by the Mill's refining Motion,
' The ſweeteſt Daughter of the Ocean,
' Fair *Medway* ſhall with ſnowy Hue,
' My Virgin Purity renew,
' And give me re-inform'd Exiſtence,
' A good Retention and Subſiſtence.

‘ Then ſhall the Sons of Genius join
‘ To make my ſecond Life divine.
‘ O *Murray*, let me then diſpenſe,
‘ Some Portion of thy Eloquence;
‘ For *Greek* and *Roman* Rhetoric ſhine,
‘ United and improv'd in thine.
‘ The ſpirit-ſtirring * Sage alarms,
‘ And *Ciceronian* Sweetneſs charms.—
‘ Th' *Athenian Akenſide* may deign,
‘ To ſtamp me deathleſs with his Pen,
‘ While flows, approv'd by all the Nine,
‘ Th' immortal Soul of ev'ry Line.
‘ Perhaps, ev'n all-accompliſh'd *Gray*,
‘ May grace me with a *Doric* Lay,
‘ With ſweet, with manly Words of Woe,
‘ That nervouſly pathetic flow.
‘ What, *Maſon*, may I owe to you,
‘ Learning's firſt Pride, and Nature's too:
‘ On thee ſhe caſt her ſweeteſt Smile,
‘ And gave thee Art's correcting file;
‘ That File, which with aſſiduous Pain,
‘ The Viper *Envy* bites in vain.
‘ —— Such Glories my mean Lot betide;
‘ Hear, tawdry Fool, and check thy Pride.—
‘ Thou, after ſcouring, dying, turning,
‘ (If haply you eſcape a Burning)
‘ From Gown to Petticoat deſcending,
‘ And in a Beggar's Mantle ending,

* *Demoſthenes.*

‘ Shalt

‘ Shalt in a Dunghill, or a Sty,
‘ 'Midſt Filth and Vermin rot and die.

The TURTLE *and* SPARROW.

A TALE.

By Mr. PRIOR.

BEHIND an unfrequented Glade,
Where Yew and Myrtle mix their Shade,
A Widow *Turtle* penſive ſat,
And wept her murder'd Lover's Fate.
The *Sparrow* chanc'd that Way to walk,
(A Bird that loves to chirp and talk)
Be ſure he did the *Turtle* greet,
She anſwer'd him as ſhe thought meet.
Sparrows and *Turtles*, by-the-bye,
Can think, as well as You or I:
But how they did their Thoughts expreſs,
The Margin ſhows by *T.* and *S.*

T. My Hopes are loſt, my Joys are fled,
Alas! I weep *Columbo* dead:
Come, all ye winged Lovers, come,
Drop *Pinks* and *Daiſies* on his Tomb.
Sing, *Philomel*, his Fun'ral Verſe,
Ye pious *Redbreaſts*, deck his Hearſe.
Fair *Swans* extend your dying Throats,
Columbo's Death requires your Notes:

For Him, my Friend, for Him I moan,
My dear Columbo, *dead and gone.*

Stretch'd on the Bier, *Columbo* lies,
Pale are his Cheeks, and clos'd his Eyes:
Thoſe Cheeks, where Beauty ſmiling lay;
Thoſe Eyes, where Love was us'd to play:
Ah! cruel Fate, alas! how ſoon
That Beauty and thoſe Joys are flown!

Columbo is no more, ye Floods,
Bear the ſad Sound to diſtant Woods:
The Sound let Echo's Voice reſtore,
And ſay, *Columbo* is no more:
Ye Floods, ye Woods, ye Echoes, moan
My dear Columbo, *dead and gone.*

The *Dryads* all forſook the Wood,
And mournful *Naiads* round me ſtood;
The tripping Fawns and Fairies came,
All conſcious of our mutual Flame;
To ſigh for him, with me to moan,
My dear Columbo, *dead and gone.*

Venus diſdain'd not to appear
To lend my Grief a friendly Ear;
But what avails her Kindneſs now?
She ne'er ſhall hear my ſecond Vow.
The *Loves* that round their Mother flew,
Did in her Face her Sorrows view.
Their drooping Wings they penſive hung,
Their Arrows broke, their Bows unſtrung;
They heard attentive what I ſaid,
And wept with me, *Columbo* dead;

For

For him I ſigh, for him I moan,
My dear Columbo, *dead and gone.*
'Tis our's to weep, great *Venus* ſaid,
'Tis *Jove*'s alone to be obey'd:
Nor Birds, nor Goddeſſes can move
The juſt Beheſts of fatal *Jove:*
I ſaw thy Mate, with ſad Regret,
And curs'd the Fowler's cruel Net.
Ah! dear *Columbo,* how he fell,
Whom *Turturella* lov'd ſo well!
I ſaw him bleeding on the Ground,
The Sight tore up my ancient Wound;
And whilſt you wept, alas! I cry'd,
Columbo and *Adonis* dy'd.
Weep, all ye Streams, ye Mountains, groan;
I mourn Columbo, *dead and gone:*
Still let my tender Grief complain,
Nor Day, nor Night, that Grief reſtrain.
I ſaid, and *Venus* ſtill reply'd,
Columbo and *Adonis* dy'd.
S. Poor *Turturella,* hard thy Caſe,
And juſt thy Tears, alas! alas!
T. And haſt thou lov'd, and canſt thou hear,
With piteous Heart, a Lover's Care?
Come then, with me thy Sorrows join,
And eaſe my Woes by telling thine:
For thou, poor Bird, perhaps may'ſt moan
Some Paſſerella, *dead and gone.*

S. Dame *Turtle*, this runs ſoft in Rhime,
But neither ſuits the Place nor Time;
The Fowler's Hand, whoſe cruel Care
For dear *Columbo* ſet the Snare;
The Snare again for thee may ſet,
Two Birds may periſh in one Net.
Thou ſhou'd'ſt avoid this cruel Field,
And Sorrow ſhou'd to Prudence yield.
'Tis ſad to die. *T.* It may be ſo;
'Tis ſadder yet to live in Woe.
S. When Widows uſe their canting Strain,
They ſeem reſolv'd to wed again.
T. When Wid'wers wou'd this Truth diſprove,
They never taſted real Love.
S. Love is ſoft Joy and gentle Strife,
His Efforts all depend on Life:
When he has thrown two golden Darts,
And ſtruck the Lovers mutual Hearts,
Of his black Shafts let Death ſend one,
Alas! the pleaſing Game is done;
Ill is the poor Survivor ſped,
A Corps feels mighty cold in Bed.
Venus ſaid right, nor Tears can move,
Nor Plaints revoke the Will of *Jove*.
All muſt obey the gen'ral Doom,
Down from *Alcides* to *Tom Thumb*.
Grim *Pluto* will not be withſtood,
By Force or Craft. *Tall Robinhood*,

As well as *Little John*, is dead.
(You ſee how deeply I am read)
With Fate's lean *Tipſtaff* none can dodge,
He'll find you out where'er you lodge.
Ajax, to ſhun his gen'ral Pow'r,
In vain abſconded in a Flow'r.
An idle Scene *Tythonus* acted,
When to a Graſshopper contracted.
Death ſtruck them in thoſe Shapes again,
As once he did when they were Men.
For Reptiles periſh, Plants decay,
Fleſh is but Graſs, Graſs turns to Hay,
And Hay to Dung, and Dung to Clay.

Thus Heads extremely nice diſcover,
That Folks may die, ſome ten Times over;
But oft by too refin'd a Touch,
To prove Things plain, they prove too much.
Whate'er *Pythagoras* may ſay,
(For each, you know, will have his Way)
With great Submiſſion I pronounce,
That People die no more than once:
But once is ſure, and Death is common
To Bird and Man, including Woman.
From the Spread *Eagle* to the *Wren*,
Alas! no mortal Fowl knows when:
All that wear Feathers, firſt or laſt,
Muſt one Day perch on *Charon*'s Maſt;
Muſt lie beneath the Cypreſs Shade,
Where *Strada*'s *Nightingale* was laid.

Thoſe Fowl, who ſeem alive to ſit,
Aſſembled by *Dan Chaucer*'s Wit,
In Proſe have ſlept three hundred Years,
Exempt from worldly Hopes and Fears,
And, laid in State upon their Hearſe,
Are truly but embalm'd in Verſe.
As ſure as *Leſbia*'s *Sparrow*, I,
Thou, ſure as *Prior*'s *Dove*, muſt die;
And ne'er again, from *Lethe*'s Streams,
Return to *Adda*, or to *Thames*.

T. I therefore weep *Columbo* dead,
My Hopes bereav'd, my Pleaſures fled;
I therefore muſt for ever moan
My dear Columbo, *dead and gone.*

S. Columbo never ſees your Tears,
Your Cries *Columbo* never hears;
A Wall of Braſs, and one of Lead,
Divide the Living from the Dead.
Repell'd by this, the gather'd Rain
Of Tears beats back to Earth again;
In t'other, the collected Sound
Of Groans, when once receiv'd, is drown'd.
'Tis therefore vain one Hour to grieve
What Time itſelf can ne'er retrieve.
By Nature ſoft, I know, a *Dove*
Can never live without her *Love:*
Then quit this Flame, and light another;
Dame, I adviſe you like a Brother.

T. What! I to make a ſecond Choice?
In other Nuptials to rejoice?

S.

S. Why not, my Bird? *T.* No, *Sparrow*, No;
Let me indulge my pleaſing Woe:
Thus ſighing, cooing, eaſe my Pain,
But never wiſh, nor love again:
Diſtreſs'd for ever, let me moan
My dear Columbo, *dead and gone.*
S. Our winged Friends, thro' all the Grove,
Contemn thy mad Exceſs of Love:
I tell thee, Dame, the other Day,
I met a *Parrot* and a *Jay*,
Who mock'd thee in their mimic Tone,
And wept Columbo, *dead and gone.*
T. Whate'er the *Jay* or *Parrot* ſaid,
My Hopes are loſt, my Joys are fled;
And I for ever muſt deplore
Columbo *dead and gone.*—— *S. Encore!*
For Shame forſake this *Bion* Stile,
We'll talk an Hour, and walk a Mile.
Does it with Senſe or Health agree,
To ſit thus moping on a Tree?
To throw away a Widow's Life,
When you again may be a Wife?
Come on, I'll tell you my Amours;
Who knows, but they may infl'ence yours:
Example draws, where Precept fails,
And *Sermons* are leſs read than *Tales.*
T. Sparrow, I take thee for my Friend,
As ſuch will hear thee; I deſcend:

Hop on, and talk; but, honeſt Bird,
Take Care that no immodeſt Word
May venture to offend my Ear.——
S. Too Saint-like *Turtle*, never fear,——
By Method, Things are beſt diſcuſs'd,
Begin we then with *Wife* the *firſt*:
A handſome, ſenſeleſs, aukward Fool,
Who wou'd not yield, and cou'd not rule.
Her Actions did her Charms diſgrace,
And ſtill her Tongue talk'd off her Face:
Count me the Leaves on yonder Tree,
So many diff'rent Wills had ſhe;
And, like the Leaves, as Chance inclin'd,
Thoſe Wills were chang'd with ev'ry Wind:
She courted the *Beau-Monde* To-night,
L'Aſſemblée, her ſupreme Delight;
The next ſhe ſat immur'd, unſeen,
And, in full Health, enjoy'd the Spleen.
She cenſur'd *that*, ſhe alter'd *this*,
And, with great Care, ſet all amiſs:
She now cou'd chide, now laugh, now cry,
Now ſing, now pout, all God knows why:
Short was her Reign, ſhe cough'd and dy'd.—
Proceed we to my *ſecond Bride*:
Well born ſhe was, genteely bred,
And buxom both at Board and Bed;
Glad to oblige, and pleas'd to pleaſe,
And, as *Tom Southern* wiſely ſays,
No other Fault *had ſhe in* Life,
But only *that ſhe was my* Wife.

O *Widow Turtle!* ev'ry She,
(So Nature's Pleaſure does decree)
Appears a Goddeſs till enjoy'd,
But Birds, and Men, and Gods are cloy'd.
Was *Hercules* one Woman's Man?
Or *Jove* for ever *Leda*'s Swan?
Ah! Madam, ceaſe to be miſtaken,
Few marry'd Fowl peck *Dunmow* Bacon.
Variety alone gives Joy,
The ſweeteſt Meats the ſooneſt cloy:
What *Sparrow*, Dame, what *Dove* alive,
Tho' *Venus* ſhou'd the Char'ot drive,
But wou'd accuſe the Harneſs Weight,
If always coupled to one Mate?
And often wiſh the Fetter broke?
'Tis Freedom but to change the Yoke.
T. Impious, to wiſh to wed again,
E'er Death diſſolv'd the former Chain.
S. Spare your Remark, and hear the reſt,
She brought me Sons, but *Jove* be bleſt,
She dy'd in Child-bed on the Neſt.
Well, reſt her Bones, quoth I, ſhe's gone;
But muſt I therefore lie alone?
What! am I to her Mem'ry ty'd?
Muſt I not live, becauſe ſhe dy'd?
And thus I *logically* ſaid,
('Tis good to have a reas'ning Head)
Is this my Wife? *Probatur*, not;
For Death diſſolv'd the Marriage-Knot:

She

She was, *Concedo*, during Life;
But, is a Piece of Clay a Wife?
Again, if not a Wife, d'ye ſee,
Why then no Kin at all to me.
And he who gen'ral Tears can ſhed
For Folks that happen to be dead,
May e'en with equal Juſtice mourn
For thoſe, who never yet were born.
T. Thoſe Points indeed you quaintly prove,
But *Logic* is no Friend to *Love*.
S. My Children then were juſt pen-feather'd;
Some little Corn for them I gather'd;
And ſent them to my Spouſe's Mother,
So left that Brood to get another.
And as old *Harry*, whilome, ſaid,
Reflecting on *Anne Boleyn* dead,
Cockſbones, I now again do ſtand,
The jolly'ſt Batchelor i' th' Land.
T. Ah me! my Joys, my Hopes are fled;
My firſt, my only Love is dead.
With endleſs Grief let me bemoan
Columbo's Loſs. *S.* Let me go on.
As yet my Fortune was but narrow,
I woo'd my Couſin *Philly Sparrow*,
O' th' elder Houſe of *Chirping-End*,
From whence the younger Branch deſcend;
Well ſeated in a Field of Peaſe
She liv'd, extremely at her Eaſe:

But

But when the Honey-Moon was paſt,
The following Nights were ſoon o'ercaſt;
She kept her own, cou'd plead the Law,
And quarrel for a Barley-Straw:
Both, you may judge, became leſs kind,
As more we knew each other's Mind:
She ſoon grew ſullen, I, hard-hearted,
We ſcolded, hated, fought, and parted.
To *London*, bleſſed Town! I went,
She boarded at a Farm in *Kent*:
A *Magpye* from the Country fled,
And kindly told me ſhe was dead;
I prun'd my Feathers, cock'd my Tail,
And ſet my Heart again to Sale.
My Fourth, a mere Coquet, or ſuch
I thought her, nor avails it much,
If true or falſe, our Troubles ſpring
More from the Fancy than the Thing.
Two ſtaring Horns, I often ſaid,
But ill become a *Sparrow*'s Head;
But then, to ſet that Balance even,
Your Cuckold *Sparrow* goes to Heaven.
The Thing you fear, ſuppoſe it done,
If you inquire, you make it known.
Whilſt at the Root, your Horns are ſore,
The more you ſcratch, they ake the more.
But turn the Tables, and reflect,
All may not be, that you ſuſpect:
By the Mind's Eye, the Horns we mean,
Are only in Ideas ſeen,

'Tis

'Tis from the Inſide of the Head
Their Branches ſhoot, their Antlers ſpread;
Fruitful Suſpicions often bear them,
You feel 'em from the Time you fear 'em.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! that echo'd Word,
Offends the Ear of vulgar Bird:
But thoſe of finer Taſte have found
There's nothing in't beſide the Sound.
Preferment always waits on Horns,
And Houſhold Peace the Gift adorns:
This Way, or that, let Factions tend,
The Spark is ſtill the Cuckold's Friend;
This Way, or that, let Madam roam,
Well-pleas'd and quiet ſhe comes home.
Now weigh the Pleaſure with the Pain,
The *plus* and *minus*, Loſs and Gain;
And what *La Fontaine* laughing ſays,
Is ſerious Truth in ſuch a Caſe;
Who ſlights the Evil, finds it leaſt,
And who does nothing, does the beſt.
I never ſtrove to rule the Roaſt,
She ne'er refus'd to pledge my Toaſt:
In Viſits if we chanc'd to meet,
I ſeem'd obliging, ſhe diſcreet;
We neither much careſs'd nor ſtrove,
But good Diſſembling paſs'd for Love.

T. Whate'er of Light our Eye may know,
'Tis only Light itſelf can ſhow:
Whate'er of Love our Heart can feel,
'Tis mutual Love alone can tell.

S.

S. My pretty, am'rous, fooliſh Bird,
A Moment's Patience; in one Word,
The three kind Siſters broke the Chain,
She dy'd, I mourn'd, and woo'd again.
T. Let me, with juſter Grief, deplore
My dear *Columbo*, now no more;
Let me, with conſtant Tears, bewail——
S. Your Sorrow does but ſpoil my Tale.
My Fifth ſhe prov'd a jealous Wife,
Lord ſhield us all from ſuch a Life!
'Twas Doubt, Complaint, Reply, Chit-chat,
'Twas *this*, To-day; To-morrow, *that*.
Sometimes, forſooth, upon the Brook,
I kept a Miſs; an honeſt *Rook*
Told it a *Snipe*, who told a *Stear*,
Who told it thoſe, who told it her.
One Day a *Linnet* and a *Lark*
Had met me ſtrolling in the Dark;
The next, a *Woodcock* and an *Owl*
Quick-ſighted, grave, and ſober Fowl,
Wou'd, on their corp'ral Oath, alledge
I kiſs'd a *Hen* behind the Hedge.
Well, Madam *Turtle*, to be brief,
(Repeating, but renews our Grief)
As once ſhe watch'd me from a Rail,
Poor Soul! her Footing chanc'd to fail,
And down ſhe fell, and broke her Hip,
The Fever came, and then the Pip:
Death did the only Cure apply;
She was at Quiet, ſo was I.

T.

T. Cou'd Love unmov'd, theſe Changes view?
His Sorrows, as his Joys, are true.
S. My deareſt *Dove*, one wiſe Man ſays,
Alluding to our preſent Caſe,
We're here To-day, and gone To-morrow;
Then what avails ſuperfl'ous Sorrow?
Another, full as wiſe as he,
Adds, that a marry'd Man may ſee
Two happy Hours; and which are they?
The Firſt and Laſt, perhaps you'll ſay;
'Tis true, when blithe ſhe goes to Bed,
And when ſhe peaceably lies dead:
Women 'twixt Sheets *are beſt*, *'tis ſaid*,
Be they of Holland *or of* Lead.
Now cur'd of *Hymen*'s Hopes and Fears,
And ſliding down the Vale of Years,
I hop'd to fix my future Reſt,
And took a Widow to my Neſt.
Ah *Turtle!* had ſhe been like thee,
Sober, yet gentle! wiſe, yet free!
But ſhe was peeviſh, noiſy, bold,
A Witch ingrafted on a Scold:
Jove, in *Pandora*'s Box, confin'd
An hundred Ills to vex Mankind;
To vex one Bird, in her Bandore,
He hid at leaſt a Hundred more:
And ſoon as Time that Veil withdrew,
The Plagues o'er all the Pariſh flew;

Her

Her Stock of borrow'd Tears grew dry,
And native Tempeſts arm'd her Eye;
Black Clouds around her Forehead hung,
And Thunder rattled on her Tongue.
We, Young or Old, or Cock or Hen,
All liv'd in *Æolus*'s Den;
The neareſt her, the more accurſt,
Ill far'd her Friends, her Huſband worſt.
But *Jove*, amidſt his Anger ſpares,
Remarks our Faults, but hears our Pray'rs.
In ſhort, ſhe dy'd. Why then, ſhe's dead,
Quoth I, and once again I'll wed.
Wou'd Heav'n this mourning Year was paſt!
One may have better Luck at laſt.
Matters, at worſt, are ſure to mend,
The Devil's Wife was but a Fiend.

T. Thy Tale has rais'd a *Turtle*'s Spleen,
Uxorious Inmate, Bird obſcene,
Dar'ſt thou defile theſe ſacred Groves,
Theſe ſilent Seats of faithful Loves?
Be gone, with flagging Wings ſit down
On ſome old Pent-houſe near the Town;
In Brewers Stables peck thy Grain,
Then waſh it down with puddled Rain:
And hear thy dirty Offspring ſquall
From Bottles, on a Suburb-Wall.
Where thou haſt been, return again,
Vile Bird! thou haſt convers'd with Men;
Notions, like theſe, from Men are given,
Thoſe vileſt Creatures under Heaven.

To

To Cities and to Courts repair,
Flatt'ry and Falſhood flouriſh there:
There, all thy wretched Arts employ,
Where Riches triumph over *Joy*;
Where Paſſions do with Int'reſt barter,
And *Hymen* holds, by *Mammon*'s Charter;
Where Truth, by Point of Law, is parry'd,
And Knaves and Prudes are ſix Times marry'd.

FELIX *and* CONSTANCE.

A TALE.

By Mr. STEPHEN DUCK.

BLown on the rolling Surface of the Deep,
The mourning Maid at length reclines to Sleep;
While conſcious Viſions labour in her Breaſt,
And airy Spectres diſcompoſe her Reſt.
Sometimes ſhe ſeems upon her native Shore,
Bleſs'd with the beauteous Youth, as heretofore;
Hears him converſe, while from his tuneful Tongue
Melodious Senſe, in melting Muſic, rung:
Sometimes ſhe finds, or ſeems at leaſt to find,
His ſhatter'd Veſſel forc'd before the Wind,

With

With foaming Waves, and furious Tempeſts toſt,
The Maſt, and broken Sails, and Sailors loſt:
Sometimes her Dream, in frightful Forms, diſ-
play'd
A Croud of Martyrs, cruel Love had made;
Lamenting *Thyſbe*'s Shade before her ſtands,
Shews her capacious Wound, and purple Hands;
Now lyric *Sappho* in the Tide expires,
Now faithful *Porcia* eats the living Fires.
At length awaking from her Dream, ſhe hears
A *Latian* Voice, which thus ſalutes her Ears:
Unhappy *Chriſtian* Maid! (for ſuch, at leaſt,
You, by your decent Habit, ſeem expreſt)
Say, whence you came, and hither how con-
vey'd,
Expos'd to Sea, without the Seaman's Aid?
Soon as the Nymph her native Language hears,
Her frighted Soul was fill'd with Doubts and Fears:
She thought, the adverſe Wind, or refluent Main,
Had forc'd her back to *Liparis* again;
Till, ſtarting up, a ſpacious Land ſhe ſpies;
Barbarian Caves and Cots her Sight ſurprize:
She ſees a Matron on the neighb'ring Strand;
Nor knows the Matron, nor the neigh'bring Land.
O! whither, whither am I blown? ſhe cries;
What Dens and Caves appear before my Eyes?
And who inhabit 'em? or Beaſts of Prey,
Or Men, leſs kind, and crueller than they?
To whom the Matron: Fly, nor dare to truſt
The faithleſs People of this hated Coaſt:

Here

Here Sailors oft their hapleſs Fate deplore;
Who 'ſcape the Seas, are wreck'd upon the Shore:
For, when the forceful Wind, and foaming Deep,
To this inhuman Coaſt impel the Ship;
Around the Beach the rude Barbarians ſtray,
Deſtroy the Mariners, and ſeize their Prey;
By others Death, they keep themſelves alive,
Subſiſt by Rapine, and by Ruin thrive.

Unhappy Fate! the mourning Nymph reply'd;
O! had I periſh'd in the ſafer Tide!
For much I fear, the Land I now ſurvey,
Dooms me to greater Evils, than the Sea:
And yet what greater Ills can Fate provide,
Than thus to ſeek for Death, and be deny'd?
Not ſo my *Felix* 'ſcap'd the raging Waves;
Him *Neptune* ſunk, and me unkindly ſaves;
Saves, only to increaſe my former Woes;
To fall, perhaps, by more ungen'rous Foes,
Or to indulge ſome luſtful Tyrant's Will:
But, O ye Heav'ns! avert the fatal Ill;
Protect my Honour in this foreign Coaſt,
The only Bleſſing which I have not loſt!

The liſt'ning Matron wonders with Surprize;
Nor hears, unmov'd, the weeping Damſel's Cries:
But leads her to her neighb'ring Cottage, where
She chears her fainting Soul with homely Fare;
Condoles her Grief, and begs her to diſcloſe
Her Country, Cares, and Cauſe of all her Woes.

Excited

Excited by her Words, the penſive Maid
Preludes with Sighs, and thus, reluctant, ſaid:
O hoſpitable Dame! why would you move
A Wretch to tell a Tale of hapleſs Love?
Which, in relating, muſt renew my Grief;
Nor can I hope, nor you beſtow Relief:
Yet, ſince you ſeem a Partner of my Care,
'Tis juſt a Partner know the Weight I bear.
Not far from *Ætna*'s flaming Mount I came,
From *Liparis*, and *Conſtance* is my Name:
Great Honours and Eſtates my Sire poſſeſt,
And, O! too much to make his Daughter bleſs'd.
I once with Fame and Fortune was ſupply'd,
Nor envy'd Empreſſes their Pomp and Pride;
Now, like a Meteor, fallen from its Height,
My Glory's vaniſh'd, and extinct my Light—
Full twenty Years in Happineſs I paſs'd,
And ev'ry Year was happier than the laſt.
Young *Felix* then his Love began to ſhow;
(Young *Felix* was the Cauſe of all my Woe)
A beauteous Youth, endow'd with manly Grace;
But far his noble Soul excell'd his Face:
And, tho' his niggard Fate had Wealth deny'd,
The Want of Wealth by Virtue was ſupply'd.
Two Years to win my doubtful Heart he ſtrove,
Two Years my doubtful Heart declin'd his Love:
Yet ſtill he preſs'd me with his am'rous Tale,
Nor found at length, 'twas fruitleſs to aſſail:
For, by Degrees, inſenſibly I came
To firſt approve, and then indulge, his Flame;
Nor

Nor could his Suit, nor would his Vows reprove;
I heard with Joy, nor thought it Sin to Love;
Till in my Breaſt imperious *Cupid* reign'd:
Alas! how eaſy *Love* a Conqueſt gain'd!
And now my Reaſon check'd my Will no more;
But fed the Flame, it ſtrove to quench before:
Yet durſt not an immodeſt Thought approve;
Love rul'd my *Heart*, but *Honour* rul'd my *Love:*
I ſcorn'd to ſtain my Virtue with a King;
As much my Lover ſcorn'd ſo mean a Thing.
What could we do? What cannot *Love* inſpire?
The Youth reveals his Paſſion to my Sire;
And in ſuch melting Accents made it known,
As might have mov'd all Fathers, but my own:
But proudly he my Lover's Suit repell'd;
And, frowning, thus our mutual Ruin ſeal'd:

No more, preſumptuous Youth! thy Paſſion name;
Suppreſs the Sparks, before they riſe to Flame.
How dar'ſt thou, vulgar Wretch, ignobly born,
My Daughter's Scandal, and her Father's Scorn!
Aſpire to wed ſo far above thy Fate?
He ſternly ſaid, and forc'd him from his Gate.

O *Avarice!* what Evils doſt thou cauſe,
Breaking the Bands of Love, and Nature's Laws?
Go, hungry God! and rule the narrow-ſoul'd;
Collect, and guard their curſt, bewitching Gold;
Fit Province for thy Reign! too mean to prove
The Charms of Nuptial Life, and Joys of Love!

Ah!

Ah! what avails to gain a pompous Name,
With boaſted Titles of paternal Fame,
Deriv'd from Anceſtors of noble Blood?
Things common to the Vicious and the Proud!
Refulgent Equipage, and gaudy Shows,
Fictitious Ornaments of real Woes!
If Love be abſent, Pomp and worldly Gain
But gild our Cares, and varniſh o'er our Pain.
O! had my cruel Father thought like me,
I ne'er had prov'd the Dangers of the Sea,
Nor ever wander'd here a baniſh'd Maid;
And, O dear *Felix!* thou hadſt not been dead!
So ſpeaks the trembling Nymph; and while ſhe ſpeaks,
The pearly Torrents ſtream adown her Cheeks;
Cold clammy Sweats, and throbbing Sighs ariſe,
Slow move the Blood, and dizzy roll her Eyes;
So much affected with her Lover's Fate,
She ſtruggled, groan'd, and fainted from her Seat.
Her Hoſteſs ſtraight a grateful Cordial ſought,
And to her Lips applies the chearful Draught,
Waſhing her Temples with reviving Oil;
The vital Spirits anſwer to her Toil;
The purple Tide begins to roll again,
Again diffuſes Life thro' ev'ry Vein:
And now ſhe ſighing, rais'd her drooping Head;
And, is my Death, ſhe cries, again delay'd?
Why did you check me on the Brink of Fate?
Better the Soul had fled her loathſome Seat.

Death

Death is the only Good I wiſh to know,
End of my Pain, and Period of my Woe.

To whom replies the Dame: Unhappy Fair!
Rely on Heaven, nor let your Soul deſpair:
Teach me to give your troubled Heart Relief;
Or teach me how, at leaſt, to ſhare your Grief:
Your mournful Story much affects my Mind,
Yet ſomething ſeems remaining ſtill behind.

O! much, *Conſtantia* ſays, remains to come,
The fatal Part that finiſhes my Doom:
For, when my *Felix*, *Felix* (now no more!)
Was baniſh'd from my haughty Father's Door,
Not able to obtain me for his Bride,
Nor willing to reſign me, tho' deny'd;
Hope, from Deſpair, his daring Soul conceives;
A Bark he builds, to plough the briny Waves:
Then call'd a few Domeſtics to his Aid,
Embrac'd me in his Arms, and ſighing, ſaid:

O Thou, for ever dear, for ever bleſt,
At once the Joy, and Trouble of my Breaſt!
Since Poverty expels me from thy Arms,
Since Wealth alone is worthy of thy Charms;
I ſwear by all the mighty Powers above,
(Sad Fate, that drives me from the Nymph I love!)
To try my Fortune on remoter Shores,
And ſeek the Gold, thy Sire ſo much adores.
Perhaps the Planets, unpropitious here,
In other Climes may kinder Aſpects wear;

May

May lead me where the rocky Di'monds lie,
Or where the golden Mine may Wealth ſupply;
If not, the laſt ſad Pleaſure is to die.

Such was the fatal Vow he raſhly made;
A fatal Vow, and fatally obey'd!
Struck dumb, my Tears the Want of Words ſupply'd;
His, mixt with mine, increas'd the pearly Tide:
Yet, leſt I ſhould his Reſolution ſhake,
He ruſh'd away, and mounted on the Deck:
His haſty Crew expand the ſwelling Sails,
Strong rolls the Sea before impulſive Gales;
The crooked Keel the frothy Flood divides,
Swift flies the Ship, and ruſhes thro' the Tides.

My Lover long my gazing Eyes purſue;
As long my Lover kept me in his View:
Reluctant ſo, departing Souls prepare,
To wing their doubtful Flight, they know not where;
Reluctant ſo, expiring Bodies lie,
Nor willing theſe to ſtay, nor thoſe to fly.

Twice twenty Days I ſpent in fruitleſs Tears,
Before the fatal Tidings reach'd my Ears;
How *Felix*, ſailing o'er the wat'ry Way,
Was wreck'd on Rocks, and periſh'd in the Sea.
O! then what Trouble, Grief, and anxious Care,
Confus'd my Soul, and bent me to Deſpair!
I curs'd the Cauſe that forc'd him to expire;
O Heav'n! forgive me, if I curs'd my Sire:

I fled his Houſe, and ſought the lonely Grove,
(The gloomy Witneſs of my former *Love.*)
Where, once reſolv'd to ſeek the Shades below,
I drew the Knife, to ſtrike the mortal Blow;
Till Piety the cruel Thought ſuppreſt,
And check'd the *Roman* Courage of my Breaſt:
I trembling ſaw two doubtful Paths; nor knew,
Which Path was beſt to ſhun, or which purſue;
Oppoſing Paſſions in my Boſom ſtrove,
And *Conſcience* now prevail'd, and now my *Love.*

As when the Wind and Tide a Conteſt make,
The Sailor, trembling, ſees his Veſſel ſhake;
This Way, and that, and both, by Turns reclin'd,
As ſwells the Surge, or blows the furious Wind:
So was my Soul with diff'rent Notions ſway'd,
Of this, of that, of both, and all afraid,
Ah! why ſhould Mortals of their *Reaſon* boaſt,
Which moſt deſerts 'em, when they want it moſt?
For, when the troubled Mind's confus'd with Pain,
'Tis but an *Ignis Fatuus* of the Brain;
Which, if our wand'ring Souls from *Virtue* ſtray,
But leads us more and more from *Virtue*'s Way:
So led it me to ſtem the devious Tide,
And ſeek for Death, where wretched *Felix* dy'd.

Not diſtant far, a fiſhing Veſſel ſtood,
Nor wholly on the Land, nor in the Flood:
Arriv'd to this, I row'd it from the Shore;
And, bent on Death, the Tide I now explore;
Expecting,

Expecting, ſoon, the friendly-furious Wave
Would give my Troubles and myſelf a Grave.
But, when I ſaw the Billows round me flow,
The boundleſs Skies above, and Seas below;
Scar'd with the Terrors of the watry Space,
I wrapt my Mantle round my tim'rous Face:
Then lay me down, to all the Dangers blind;
Chance was my *Compaſs*, and my *Pilot*, *Wind*.
Blown here and there, I floated on the Deep,
Which rock'd my Eyes, but not my Fears, aſleep:
For now my dreaming Soul, in Fancy's Maze,
A thouſand tragic airy Ghoſts ſurveys;
Which flutter'd round me, and reproaching, ſaid;
Die, Coward! follow *Felix* to the Shade:
Why wouldſt thou wiſh to live, now he is dead?
But when, at length, your friendly Voice I heard,
My Viſions ceas'd, the Spectres diſappear'd.
Thus have I told, but can't diſpel my Care;
For who can conquer *Love*, or cure *Deſpair*?

Thus ſhe; and thus *Capreſa* ſpake again:
(So was ſhe call'd, who wak'd her on the Main)
Unhappy Nymph! compoſe your troubled Mind,
Nor doubt the gracious Guide of human Kind:
That God, who ſav'd you from the foamy Wave,
Will doubtleſs guard the Life, he deign'd to ſave.
Vouchſafe to take the Counſel I can lend:
At *Suſa* Heav'n has bleſs'd me with a Friend,

Much fam'd for Wealth, for pious Actions more;
No Huſband, and no Children, but the Poor:
Let me conduct you to her friendly Gate;
(Too ſmall my Cottage for a Gueſt ſo great:)
She will protect you from Barbarian Foes,
With prudent Counſel mitigate your Woes,
And charm your ruffled Soul to ſoft Repoſe.

Bleſt Partner of my Grief! the Damſel ſaid,
Some Angel ſurely ſent you to my Aid;
For now ſome dawning Rays of Hope appear,
That chace away the Clouds of dark Deſpair.
This Pauſe of Pain, and Interval of Grace,
Shall be employ'd in Search of future Peace.
Then guide and guard me to your noble Friend;
So may you never want this Aid you lend!
And, as we travel, deign to let me know,
To whom ſo many Thanks I juſtly owe;
What hapleſs Fortune caſt you on this Land,
What Occupation here employs your Hand.
Sweet Converſation may ſuſpend my Care,
Diſpel my Grief, or make it leſs ſevere:
So ſhall I eaſier reach the neighb'ring Town;
And, liſt'ning to your Fate, forget my own.

Thus ſhe; and thus the penſive Dame replies:
(With briny Drops diſtilling from her Eyes)
Fain would I, lovely Nymph! ſuſpend your Care,
Diſpel your Grief, or make it leſs ſevere:
But, were I all my Fortune to explain,
'Twould not alleviate, but increaſe your Pain;

For

For in your Soul ſuch Sparks of Nature glow,
As make you ſhare your Neighbour's Joy or Woe.
The *Chriſtian* Faith I ſecretly embrace,
Tho' doom'd to dwell among a *Pagan* Race:
Trepanum waſted all my Bloom of Life,
Where long I liv'd, a Farmer's happy Wife:
My careful, loving Huſband till'd the Soil,
Nor was the Field ungrateful to his Toil:
For, ev'ry *Summer*, *Ceres* crown'd the Plain;
Each *Autumn*, fill'd the Barn with golden Grain:
So thick the verdant Harveſt yearly ſtood,
The Meadows ſeem'd to groan beneath their Load,
Our fleecy Flocks were fruitful of their Young,
Hail were our Oxen, and our Horſes ſtrong;
Nor did our Kine of milky Produce fail,
But from diſtended Udders fill'd the Pail.
'Twas, then, alas! how often have I cry'd,
I would not wiſh to be a Monarch's Bride!
When all around my little Infants came,
Hung on my Knees, and liſp'd their Mother's Name;
Or met their Father with the Ev'ning Ray,
Embrac'd his Neck, and kiſs'd his Cares away.
Soon as their riper Age could Labour bear,
We ſent 'em forth to feed the fleecy Care;
Where often have we ſpent the *Summer*'s Day,
Charm'd to behold the wanton Cattle's Play.

What Pleaſure 'twas to ſee the ſkipping Lambs?
What Muſic when they bleated for their Dams?
We thought our Joys could never be increas'd;
Love, Peace, and Plenty join'd to make us bleſs'd.
But ſee how *Fortune* holds her fickle Reign!
She raiſes up, to tumble down again:
For now our Thread of Happineſs was ſpun;
The Gains of twenty Years were loſt in one.
'Twas in the Seaſon, when the verdant Mead
Begins to aſk the Mower's crooked Blade;
Before the Wheat receives a yellow Stain,
Or milky Juice is harden'd into Grain;
A Gale of Poiſon baleful *Eurus* caſt;
The vernal Product ſicken'd with the Blaſt;
Our Meadows ſtraight a Saffron Scene diſcloſe,
Our infant Apples quit the blighted Boughs;
Peaſe, Wheat, and Barley, wither'd in the Fields,
And Nature one abortive Harveſt yields:
Nor ſtopt it here, the flying Plague began
To ſpread the Bane in Beaſts, and thence to Man:
Firſt dy'd our Sheep upon the ruſſet Plain,
Next ſwell'd our Oxen with a fatal Blain;
Here tumbles, o'er her Meat, the moping Cow;
There drops the panting Horſe before the Plough:
At length the dire Contagion ſpread ſo wide,
My virgin Children made the Tomb their Bride.
This Nature bore—But, when our Landlord ſent
His Officers to ſeize my Lord for Rent;

And

And he, to ſhun the Priſon, flies the Shore,
Lifts on the Sea, to tug the lab'ring Oar,
I wept, I rav'd, I curs'd the baleful Air,
And fled my native Land, but not my Care.
Thus baniſh'd here, a Widow, and a Wife,
Condemn'd to ſuffer, not enjoy a Life;
I toil for thoſe, who catch the finny Prey;
The Toils are great, but very ſmall the Pay!
Their ſcaly Fry to Market oft I bear,
Oft in the Ocean waſh their thready Snare;
And then was waſhing, when, with great Surprize,
You, and your floating Veſſel, met my Eyes.
Now Heav'n defend us both, the Nymph reply'd;
And can ſuch Rage in *Chriſtian* Minds reſide?
What, could the curſt, inhuman Tyrant wreſt
Thy tender Huſband from thy loving Breaſt,
When all thy Wealth was loſt, thy Children dead?
O *Virtue! Virtue!* whither art thou fled?
Why muſt ſuch Evils on the Guiltleſs flow?
Ye Heav'ns! is Innocence rewarded ſo?
So ſpake the Nymph; her Friend no more replies;
For now *Priſcilla*'s Dome attracts their Eyes:
Approaching to her friendly Gate, they found
The gen'rous Lady dealing Alms around
To needy Souls, a hapleſs, helpleſs Crowd,
Who daily bleſs'd her Hand for daily Food!

When thus *Capreſa:* Hail, for ever bleſs'd!
'Tis Godlike thus to ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd:
Yet none of theſe, who claim your *Chriſtian* Aid,
Deſerves it more than this unhappy Maid;
Who once was bleſs'd with Fame and Riches too,
Tho' fickle Fortune now is turn'd her Foe;
Unlike the Mendicants, who daily ſhare
Your friendly Bounty, and maternal Care.
To whom the Lady, with a gracious Look,
That ſeem'd to breathe Compaſſion, while ſhe ſpoke:
Sure Decency forbids, a Gueſt ſo great
Should, undiſtinguiſh'd, with the Vulgar eat.
No; deck my Table with the choiceſt Fare;
The Nymph, with me, a kind Repaſt ſhall ſhare:
For, by her Looks, if Truth may be divin'd,
That lovely Body clothes a lovely Mind.
She ſaid, and *Conſtance* low Obeiſance made;
Then gladly follow'd, where *Priſcilla* led.
Within the Gate a ſpacious Room ſhe found,
Whoſe Walls were beautify'd with Tap'ſtry round;
Where pious Tales appear'd, ſo lively wrought,
The Work ſeem'd vital, and the Figures Thought.
Here, in the Shade, the *Jewiſh* Patriarch ſtood,
Feaſting the Sons of Heav'n with earthly Food;
While, there, the good *Samaritan* confeſt
His Kindneſs, and reproach'd the cruel Prieſt:
With many more, a charitable Band,
The ſkilful Labour of *Priſcilla*'s Hand.

Hither

Hither the Dame convey'd a ſweet Repaſt;
Rich Meats, and roſy Wines, the Table grac'd:
They eat, they drank, in pleaſing Converſe join'd;
And cheer'd at once the Body and the Mind.
The Call of Nature being ſoon ſuppreſt,
Thus ſpake the Lady to her youthful Gueſt:
Say, lovely Stranger! (for I long to know,
So may propitious Heav'n remove thy Woe!)
Whence thus reduc'd? By Famine, Sword, or Fire?
What Sire thy Beauty boaſts, what Land thy Sire?
Perhaps ſome Princeſs, baniſh'd from her Home,
Thus condeſcends to grace my ruſtic Dome:
If ſo, I greatly fear, my homely Feaſt
Has been unworthy of my Royal Gueſt.
She ſaid, the Nymph unfolds her Tale again;
The prudent Dame attempts to ſooth her Pain,
And thus reply'd: Tho' weighty are your Woes,
The weightieſt Ill, with Patience, lighter grows:
Then bear with Patience all that Heaven de-
ſign'd,
Whoſe Ways are juſt, tho' difficult to find,
Plann'd for the gen'ral Good of Human Kind.
God's Paths in winding Mazes often lie,
Too intricate for feeble Reaſon's Eye;
Moſt regular, when in Confuſion loſt;
Moſt conſtant, when they ſeem to vary moſt.
Perhaps his Mercy forc'd you thus to roam,
To ſhun a more unhappy Fate at Home;

For with one Evil he removes a worſe,
And bleſſes oft with what we think a Curſe.
Then let your Soul at Fortune not repine;
But truſt in Heav'n's Protection, next in mine:
In me you ſtill ſhall find a faithful Friend,
With whom, in Time, your Troubles all may end:
But ſince you now are harraſs'd out with Woes,
Refreſh your weary Soul with ſweet Repoſe;
And when you wake, at Morning, may you find
Heav'n's balmy Comfort heal your wounded Mind!
Thus chear'd, the Nymph obſequiouſly withdrew,
And bath'd her Cares in Sleep's refreſhing Dew;
Till *Phœbus*, riſing from the Shades of Night,
With roſy Keys, unlock'd the Gates of Light:
Bright as his Beams, aroſe the beauteous Maid;
And, to her Patroneſs returning, ſaid:
What Thanks, propitious Lady! ſhall I give
For all the Godlike Bounties I receive?
O! let my *Silence* thank you; for I know,
Words can't expreſs the Gratitude I owe.
To whom replies the venerable Dame:
No other Thanks, but Gratitude, I claim:
The Terms of Charity are never hard,
Love and Compaſſion are their own Reward.
A Soul that ſuccours Virtue, when diſtreſt,
Can with Reflection make a noble Feaſt;

Which

Which nouriſhes the Mind, and overpays
A gen'rous Deed with ſelf-approving Praiſe.
Such was their Converſe, till domeſtic Care
Invites *Priſcilla* from the youthful Fair;
Who ſat in penſive Solitude, and ſtrove
To ſoften or ſuſpend the Pains of Love.
At length the Linen on her Knee ſhe ſpread,
And, with her Needle, mark'd the docile Thread.
Young *Thiſbe*'s Fate ſhe firſt began to frame;
But ſoon commits her Labour to the Flame:
Next drew ſhe *Hero* ſinking in the Main,
Then raz'd the finiſh'd Image out again.
Both theſe diſpleas'd her, tho' judicious Art,
And Rays of Nature ſhone in ev'ry Part.
At length her own unhappy Tale ſhe choſe,
And lively paints the Scene of all her Woes:
Her charming *Felix* firſt the Linen grac'd;
By whom her Father, frowning ſtern, ſhe plac'd:
Her Lover's Parting next to theſe appears,
(But, weeping here, ſhe ſoil'd her Work with Tears)
Next, on the Seas, ſhe drew his floating Ship;
Next, her own Boat, ſlow wand'ring on the Deep:
By theſe ſhe fix'd *Capreſa* on the Strand,
Who wak'd her firſt, and welcom'd her to Land.
The good *Priſcilla* laſt employ'd her Art,
Whoſe Aſpect ſpoke the Bounty of her Heart;

Her

Her friendly Roof, a Refuge for the Poor,
The Horn of Plenty pendant o'er the Door,
Diffuſing Bleſſings ſtill, and ſtill increaſing more.

All theſe confeſt ſuch Beauty, Skill, and Care,
Not *Helen* better wove the *Trojan* War,
While *Hector*, *Paris*, and their martial Train,
With *Grecian* Heroes battled on the Plain.

Here let us leave the lovely Nymph a while,
To paſs her tedious Hours in pleaſing Toil:
Her abſent Lover now my Song purſues,
Whoſe valiant Deeds require a nobler Muſe.

Swift-pinion'd Fame, which often babbling flies,
To bear unwelcome Truths, and oft'ner Lies,
Had ſpread the ductile Error far and wide,
How wand'ring *Felix* periſh'd in the Tide.
But *Felix* ſafely reach'd the *Thunic* Port,
And ſoon arriv'd to Honours in the Court:
His Wiſdom there the wiſeſt Peers excell'd,
His Valour more ſurpaſs'd 'em in the Field.
When firſt he to the Royal Palace came,
An Accident occurr'd to raiſe his Fame:
A noble Lord there was, of great Renown,
Rebell'd againſt the King, and claim'd his Crown:
Great Preparations made he for the Fight;
Nor leſs the Monarch, to defend his Right;

But

But ſummon'd all, to meet the daring Foe,
Whoſe Strength could wield a Sword, or bend a Bow;
And promis'd to reward their martial Care
With Honours, equal to their Deeds in War.
Now rings the Region with the Foe's Alarms,
Terrific ſhines the Field with burniſh'd Arms;
The martial Trumpet, ſounding from afar,
With dreadful Notes, proclaims approaching War.
The Royal Army, valiant *Felix* join'd,
Intrepid Courage animates his Mind:
Fix'd in the Front, the Foe he bravely dares,
Like *Pallas* prudent, and as bold as *Mars*.
Say, Muſe, What Goddeſs, that tremendous Hour,
Aided the Youth with ſuch unuſual Pow'r?
Bright *Venus*, conſcious of the Lover's Smart,
Sharpen'd his Sword, and pointed ev'ry Dart.
Fierce, as a Lion, thro' the Lines he ſprung;
And forc'd his Foes, like trembling Stags, along.
As when reſiſtleſs Winds ruſh o'er the Deep,
And, from its Anchor, force the driving Ship;
Or furiouſly againſt the Woodland roar;
The leafy Harveſt, tumbling, flies before:
So ruſh'd the Hero on the adverſe Band,
So fled the Legions from his pow'rful Hand;
Till ſoon the Rebel Lord he Pris'ner made,
And to the King his captive Prize convey'd.

Now

Now reaps the Youth the Glory of his Toil;
To him the Monarch gives the martial Spoil;
Rewards his Valour with a noble Poſt,
And makes him Firſt Commander of his Hoſt.
Thus quickly *Felix* gain'd a deathleſs Name;
Thus was his Labour crown'd with Wealth and Fame.
But Wealth and Fame inſipid Things appear;
To give them Taſte, he wants the lovely Fair:
The lovely Fair, oppreſt with equal Grief,
To make her happy, wants the glorious Chief.
His Fame, which ſoon at *Suſa* was reveal'd,
(Heroic Actions ſeldom lie conceal'd)
With pleaſing Wonder ſtruck *Conſtantia*'s Ears,
And fill'd her doubtful Soul with Hopes and Fears:
For, tho' the wiſe *Priſcilla* often ſtrove,
With prudent Counſel, to ſuppreſs her Love;
Her Love was only leſſen'd, not ſuppreſt,
But glows again, again diſtracts her Breaſt.
As when, in rural Cots, the Flames aſpire,
And lab'ring Peaſants quench the mounting Fire;
If Chance a latent Spark remain behind,
In heapy Aſhes, fann'd with ambient Wind;
The Fires again, with former Fury, riſe,
Flame thro' the Roof, and flaſh into the Skies:
So in her Boſom glows the am'rous Fire,
And fills her tender Soul with ſoft Deſire.

And is my *Felix* yet alive? ſhe ſays;
And is he crown'd with Wealth, and deathleſs Praiſe?
No, no; I fear the flatt'ring Tale deceives;
Methinks I ſee him plunging in the Waves.
Ah! why, ye Heav'ns, are feeble Mortals curſt,
In Things uncertain, to believe the worſt?
No; rather let me ſee the *Thunic* Court;
There, with my Eyes, confirm the bleſt Report:
Hope flies before, and points the pleaſing Way;
Love urges on, and *Love* I muſt obey.
So ſaying, to *Priſcilla* ſtraight ſhe came,
And, with her Thoughts, acquaints the pious Dame:
The pious Dame, with tender Pity ſway'd,
Approves the Paſſion of the loving Maid;
And, with *Capreſa*, guards her to the Place,
Reſolv'd herſelf to view the Hero's Face.
The Hero meets 'em at the Regal Gate,
Array'd in Armour, formidably great;
For, on that Morning, by the King's Command,
The Chief was to review the martial Band:
His ſtudded Chariot darted Splendor round,
His ſtately Courſers, neighing, paw'd the Ground;
The nodding Plumes around his Temples wave,
With awful Grace, and beautifully brave.
He knew th' approaching Nymph; but, in Surprize,
The joyous Stream deſcended from his Eyes:

The

The Nymph beheld the weeping Chief; nor knew,
For what he wept, nor whom ſhe came to view:
His martial Dreſs, beſpangled o'er with Gold,
The dreadful *Warrior*, not the *Lover*, told.
But when he caſt the Helmet from his Head,
And thro' the Gates the bluſhing Damſel led;
She knew her Lover, claſp'd him to her Breaſt,
While ſilent Eloquence her Joy confeſt:
The conſcious Pains an abſent Lover bears,
Deſpair, fallacious *Hope*, and anxious *Fears*,
For Want of Words, were painted with their Tears.
And when, at length, their cryſtal Sluices ceas'd,
The joyful Hero thus the Nymph addreſs'd:
Ye Gods! and have I then my Charmer found?
And are my Labours thus completely crown'd?
Yes! let me claſp thee to my longing Arms,
Drink in thy Breath, and feed upon thy Charms.
As widow'd Turtles, roving round the Fields,
Thro' all the fruitful Stores, which Nature yields,
Curſt in the midſt of Plenty, cannot eat;
But ſtarve, lamenting for their abſent Mate:
Thus have I been with Fame and Riches grac'd;
Yet wanted thee to give my Riches Taſte.
But ſay, how came this Wealth I wanted moſt?
What brought my Love to this Barbarian Coaſt?
He ſaid; and now the joyful Damſel ſpake
The Dangers which ſhe ſuffer'd for his Sake;

Shews

Shews him the Dame, who found her on the Tide;
Priſcilla too, who all her Wants ſupply'd:
Then, proſtrate, on her Knees before him bends,
And begs him to reward her faithful Friends.
The grateful Chief, by native Goodneſs ſway'd,
Embrac'd 'em both, and ſoon the Nymph obey'd;
But firſt before his Royal Maſter came,
And begs he may reſign his Poſt of Fame:
At which the Monarch frowns with awful Eyes;
Till *Felix* ſtraight, who ſaw his Paſſion riſe,
Falls on the Ground, and to his Maſter ſhows
The various Scene of all his am'rous Woes.
This heard, the King reſumes his former Grace;
Love tun'd his Soul, and ſmooth'd his ruffled Face:
He rais'd the Hero, bids the Nymph appear;
The Nymph approach'd him with a modeſt Fear;
Before his awful Throne, ſubmiſs, ſhe fell,
And to him ſtraight unfolds th' amazing Tale.
Mute, on the Ground, a-while he fix'd his Eyes;
Then, Is the Force of Love ſo great? he cries:
We falſely *Man* the World's Commander call;
Thou, mightier Monarch, *Love!* commandeſt All:
Young *Ammon*'s Self cou'd not thy Pow'r confine;
The *World his* Subject was, but *He* was thine.
Then, ſmiling, thus he chear'd the trembling Fair;
Henceforward, lovely Nymph, diſmiſs thy Care:
For

For ſince thy Love has conquer'd Wind and Sea,
Curſt be the King, that's crueller than they!
Let *Hymen* ſtraight confirm the Marriage Ties;
Thou juſtly haſt deſerv'd the nuptial Prize.
This ſaid, he crown'd the Hero's martial Care,
With Riches far ſuperior to the Fair:
Due Thanks return'd, they to *Priſcilla* came,
Beſtowing Gifts and Honours on the Dame.
Capreſa next, with Age and Labour worn,
In comely Robes the grateful Pair adorn;
With ample Wealth her former Bliſs reſtor'd,
And from the Seas redeem'd her nuptial Lord:
Her nuptial Lord again enjoys his Wife,
Again delightful Freedom crowns his Life;
Till *Nature* calls him to reſign his Breath,
In honourable Age, and peaceful Death.
This done, the loving Couple quit the Shore,
And joyfully the deſtin'd Port explore;
While ſportive *Nereids* round their Veſſel play,
And wanton *Cupids* hail them on their Way:
Rough *Thetis'* Self aſſumes a pleaſing Smile,
Glad to return them to their native Soil;
Where ſacred *Hymen* join'd their mutual Hands,
And Heav'n, indulgent, bleſs'd their nuptial Bands.

The EXPERIMENT.

A TALE.

By Mr. GREVILLE.

VIrtue and Vice, two mighty Pow'rs,
Who rule this motley World of ours,
Diſputed once which govern'd beſt,
And whoſe Dependants moſt were bleſt.
They reaſon'd, rally'd, crack'd their Jokes,
Succeeding much like other Folks.
Their Logic waſted, and their Wit,
Nor one nor t'other wou'd ſubmit;
But both the doubtful Point conſent
To clear, by fair Experiment:
For this ſome Mortal, they declare,
By Turns ſhall both their Bounty ſhare,
And either's Pow'r to bleſs him try'd,
Shall then the long Diſpute decide.
On *Hodge* they fix, a Country Boor,
As yet rough, ign'rant, careleſs, poor——
Vice firſt exerts her Pow'r to bleſs,
And gives him *Riches* in Exceſs,
With Gold ſhe taught him to ſupply
Each riſing Wiſh of *Luxury:*
Hodge grew at length polite and great,
And liv'd like Miniſter of State;

He

He ſwore with Grace, got nobly drunk,
And kept in Pomp his twentieth Punk.
One Morning, as in eaſy Chair
Hodge ſat, with ruminating Air,
Vice, like a Lady, fair and gay,
Approach'd, and thus was heard to ſay—
(Behind her *Virtue*, all the while,
Stood ſlily liſt'ning with a Smile)
'Know, favour'd Mortal, know that I
'The Pleaſures of thy Life ſupply;
'I rais'd thee from the Clay-built Cell,
'Where *Want*, *Contempt*, and *Slav'ry* dwell;
'And, as each Joy on Earth is ſold,
'To purchaſe *all*, I gave thee Gold:
'This made the Charms of *Beauty* thine,
'This bleſs'd thee with the Joys of *Wine*;
'This gave thee, in the rich *Repaſt*,
'Whate'er can pleaſe the *tutor'd* Taſte.
'Confeſs the Bleſſings I beſtow,
'And pay the grateful Thanks you owe;
'My Name is *Vice*.'—Cry'd *Hodge* (and ſneer'd)
'Long be your mighty Name rever'd!
'Forbid it, Heav'n! thus bleſt by you,
'That I ſhou'd rob you of your Due——
'To *Wealth*, 'twas you that made me Heir,
'And gave, for which I thank you, *Care*;
'Wealth brought me *Wine*, 'tis paſt a Doubt,
'And Wine, ſee here's a Leg! the *Gout*.
'To Wealth I owe my *French Ragou*,
'And that each Morn and Night—I *ſpew*.

This

'This *Beauty* brought, and, with the Dame,
'The *Pox*, a bleſt Companion! came.
'And now to ſhew how much I prize
'The Joys, which from your Bounty riſe,
'Each coupled with ſo dear a Brother,
'I'll give you *one* to take the *other*.——
'Avaunt, depart from whence you came,
'And thank your Stars that I am lame.'
Enrag'd and griev'd, away ſhe flew,
And all her Gifts from *Hodge* withdrew.
Now, in his ſad repentant Hour,
Celeſtial *Virtue* try'd her Pow'r;
For *Wealth*, *Content* the Goddeſs gave,
Th' unenvy'd Treaſure of the Slave!
From *wild Deſires* ſhe ſet him free,
And fill'd his Breaſt with *Charity*;
No more loud Tumults *Riot* breeds,
And *Temp'rance Gluttony* ſucceeds.
Hodge, in his native Cot at Reſt,
Now *Virtue* found, and thus addreſs'd:
'Say, for 'tis yours by Proof to know,
'Can *Virtue* give thee Bliſs below?
'*Content* my Gift, and *Temp'rance* mine,
'And *Charity*, tho' meek, divine.'—
With bluſhing Cheeks, and kindling Eyes,
The Man tranſported, thus replies:
'My Goddeſs! on this favour'd Head,
'The Life of Life thy Bleſſings ſhed!
'My annual Thouſands when I told,
'Inſatiate ſtill I ſigh'd for Gold;

'You

'You gave *Content*—a boundleſs Store!
'And, rich indeed! I ſigh'd no more.—
'With *Temp'rance* came, delightful Gueſt!
'*Health*,—*taſteful Food*, and *balmy Reſt*;
'With *Charity*'s ſeraphic Flame
'Each gen'rous ſocial Pleaſure came,
'Pleaſures which in Poſſeſſion riſe,
'And retroſpective Thought ſupplies!
'Long to atteſt it may I live,
'That all *Vice* promiſes, you *give*.'
Vice heard, and ſwore that *Hodge* for Hire
Had giv'n his Verdict like a Liar;
And *Virtue*, turning with Diſdain,
Vow'd ne'er to ſpeak to *Vice* again.

ELOISA *to* ABELARD.*

By Mr. POPE.

IN theſe deep Solitudes and awful Cells,
Where heav'nly-penſive Contemplation dwells,

And

* *Abelard* and *Eloiſa* flouriſhed in the twelfth Century; they were two of the moſt diſtinguiſhed Perſons of their Age in Learning and Beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate Paſſion. After a long Courſe of Calamities, they retired each to a ſeveral Convent, and conſecrated the Remainder of their Days to Religion. It was many Years after this

And ever-muſing Melancholy reigns;
What means this Tumult in a Veſtal's Veins?
Why rove my Thoughts beyond this laſt Retreat?
Why feels my Heart its long forgotten Heat?
Yet, yet I love!——From *Abelard* it came,
And *Eloïſa* yet muſt kiſs the Name.
Dear fatal Name! reſt ever unreveal'd,
Nor paſs theſe Lips in holy Silence ſeal'd:
Hide it, my Heart, within that cloſe Diſguiſe,
Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd Idea lies:
Oh write it not my Hand—the Name appears
Already written—waſh it out my Tears!
In vain loſt *Eloïſa* weeps and prays,
Her Heart ſtill dictates, and her Hand obeys,
Relentleſs Walls! whoſe darkſome Round contains
Repentent Sighs, and voluntary Pains:
Ye rugged Rocks! which holy Knees have worn;
Ye Grots and Caverns ſhagg'd with horrid Thorn!
Shrines! where their Vigils pale-ey'd Virgins keep,
And pitying Saints, whoſe Statues learn to weep!
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and ſilent grown,
I have not yet forgot myſelf to ſtone.

this Separation, that a Letter of *Abelard*'s to a Friend, which contained the Hiſtory of his Misfortune, fell into the Hands of *Eloiſa*. This, awakening all her Tenderneſs, occaſioned thoſe celebrated Letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give ſo lively a Picture of the Struggles of Grace and Nature, Virtue and Paſſion.

Heav'n

Heav'n claims me all in vain, while he has Part,
Still rebel Nature holds out half my Heart;
Nor Pray'rs nor Faſts its ſtubborn Pulſe reſtrain,
Nor Tears, for Ages, taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy Letters trembling I unclоſe,
That well-known Name awakens all my Woes.
Oh Name for ever ſad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in Sighs, ſtill uſher'd with a Tear.
I tremble too where'er my own I find,
Some dire Misfortune follows cloſe behind.
Line after Line my guſhing Eyes o'erflow,
Led thro' a ſad Variety of Woe:
Now warm in Love, now with'ring in my Bloom,
Loſt in a Convent's ſolitary Gloom!
There ſtern Religion quench'd th' unwilling Flame,
There dy'd the beſt of Paſſions, Love and Fame.
Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy Griefs, and echo Sighs to thine.
Nor Foes nor Fortune take this Pow'r away;
And is my *Abelard* leſs kind than they?
Tears ſtill are mine, and thoſe I need not ſpare,
Love but demands what elſe were ſhed in Pray'r;
No happier Taſk theſe faded Eyes purſue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then ſhare thy Pain, allow that ſad Relief;
Ah, more than ſhare it! give me all thy Grief.
Heav'n firſt taught Letters for ſome Wretch's Aid,
Some baniſh'd Lover, or ſome Captive Maid;
They

They live, they ſpeak, they breathe what Love
inſpires,
Warm from the Soul, and faithful to its Fires,
The Virgin's Wiſh without her Fears impart,
Excuſe the Bluſh, and pour out all the Heart,
Speed the ſoft Intercourſe from Soul to Soul,
And waft a Sigh from *Indus* to the *Pole*.
Thou know'ſt how guiltleſs firſt I met thy
Flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendſhip's
Name;
My Fancy form'd thee of angelic Kind,
Some Emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
Thoſe ſmiling Eyes attempting ev'ry Ray,
Shone ſweetly lambent with celeſtial Day.
Guiltleſs I gaz'd; Heav'n liſten'd while you ſung;
And Truths * divine came mended from that
Tongue.
From Lips like thoſe what Precept fail'd to move?
Too ſoon they taught me 'twas no Sin to Love:
Back thro' the Paths of pleaſing Senſe I ran,
Nor wiſh'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man.
Dim and remote the Joys of Saints I ſee;
Nor envy them that Heav'n I loſe for thee.
How oft', when preſt to marriage, have I ſaid,
Curſe on all Laws but thoſe which Love has
made?

* He was her Preceptor in Philoſophy and Divinity.

Love, free as Air, at Sight of human Ties,
Spreads his light Wings, and in a Moment flies.
Let Wealth, let Honour, wait the wedded Dame,
Auguſt her Deed, and ſacred be her Fame;
Before true Paſſion all thoſe Views remove,
Fame, Wealth, and Honour! what are you to Love?
The jealous God, when we profane his Fires,
Thoſe reſtleſs Paſſions in Revenge inſpires,
And bids them make miſtaken Mortals groan,
Who ſeek in Love for aught but Love alone.
Should at my Feet the World's great Maſter fall,
Himſelf, his Throne, his World, I'd ſcorn 'em all:
Not *Cæſar*'s Empreſs wou'd I deign to prove;
No, make me Miſtreſs to the Man I love;
If there be yet another Name more free,
More fond than Miſtreſs, make me that to thee!
Oh! happy State! when Souls each other draw,
When Love is Liberty, and Nature, Law:
All then is full, poſſeſſing, and poſſeſs'd,
No craving void left aking in the Breaſt:
Ev'n Thought meets Thought, e'er from the Lips it part,
And each warm Wiſh ſprings mutual from the Heart.
This ſure is Bliſs (if Bliſs on Earth there be)
And once the Lot of *Abelard* and me.

Alas how chang'd! what ſudden Horrors riſe?
A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies!

Where,

Where, where was *Eloïſa?* her Voice, her Hand,
Her Poniard had oppos'd the dire Command.
Barbarian ſtay! that bloody Stroke reſtrain;
The Crime was common, common be the Pain.
I can no more; by Shame, by Rage, ſuppreſs'd,
Let Tears, and burning Bluſhes ſpeak the reſt.

Canſt thou forget that ſad, that ſolemn Day,
When Victims at yon' Altar's Foot we lay?
Canſt thou forget what Tears that Moment fell,
When, warm in Youth, I bade the World fare-well?
As with cold Lips I kiſs'd the ſacred Veil,
The Shrines all trembled, and the Lamps grew pale:
Heav'n ſcarce believ'd the Conqueſt it ſurvey'd,
And Saints with Wonder heard the Vows I made.
Yet then, to thoſe dread Altars as I drew,
Not on the Croſs my Eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not Grace, or Zeal, Love only was my Call,
And if I loſe thy Love, I loſe my All.
Come! with thy Looks, thy Words, relieve my Woe;
Thoſe ſtill at leaſt are left thee to beſtow.
Still on that Breaſt enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious Poiſon from thy Eye,
Pant on thy Lip, and to thy Heart be preſs'd;
Give all thou canſt—and let me dream the reſt.
Ah no! inſtruct me other Joys to prize,
With other Beauties charm my partial Eyes,

Full in my View ſet all the bright Abode,
And make my Soul quit *Abelard* for God.
Ah think at leaſt thy Flock deſerves thy Care,
Plants of thy Hand, and Children of thy Pray'r.
From the falſe World in early Youth they fled,
By thee to Mountains, Wilds, and Deſarts led.
You * rais'd theſe hallow'd Walls; the Deſart ſmil'd,
And Paradiſe was open'd in the Wild.
No weeping Orphan ſaw his Father's Stores
Our Shrines irradiate, or emblaze the Floors;
No ſilver Saints, by dying Miſers given,
Here brib'd the Rage of ill-requited Heav'n:
But ſuch plain Roofs as Piety could raiſe,
And only vocal with the Maker's Praiſe.
In theſe lone Walls (their Day's eternal bound)
Theſe moſs-grown Domes with ſpiry Turrets crown'd,
Where awful Arches make a Noon-day Night,
And the dim Windows ſhed a ſolemn Light;
Thy Eyes refus'd a reconciling Ray,
And Gleams of Glory brighten'd all the Day.
But now no Face divine Contentment wears,
'Tis all blank Sadneſs, or continual Tears.
See how the Force of others Pray'rs I try,
(Oh pious Fraud of am'rous Charity!)
But why ſhould I on others Pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my Father, Brother, Huſband, Friend!

* He founded the Monaſtery.

Ah

Ah let thy Handmaid, Siſter, Daughter move,
And, all thoſe tender Names in one, thy Love!
The darkſome Pines, that o'er yon' Rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow Wind,
The wand'ring Streams that ſhine between the Hills,
The Grots that echo to the tinkling Rills,
The dying Gales that pant upon the Trees,
The Lakes that quiver to the curling Breeze;
No more theſe Scenes my Meditation aid,
Or lull to Reſt the viſionary Maid.
But o'er the twilight Groves, and duſky Caves,
Long-ſounding Iſles, and intermingled Graves,
Black Melancholy ſits, and round her throws
A death-like Silence, and a dread Repoſe:
Her gloomy Preſence ſaddens all the Scene,
Shades ev'ry Flow'r, and darkens ev'ry Green,
Deepens the Murmur of the falling Floods,
And breathes a browner Horror on the Woods.

Yet here for ever, ever muſt I ſtay;
Sad Proof how well a Lover can obey!
Death, only Death, can break the laſting Chain,
And here ev'n then, ſhall my cold Duſt remain,
Here all its Frailties, all its Flames reſign,
And wait 'till 'tis no Sin to mix with thine.

Ah Wretch! believ'd the Spouſe of God in vain,
Confeſs'd within the Slave of Love and Man.

Aſſiſt me, Heav'n! but whence aroſe that Pray'r?
Sprung it from Piety, or from Deſpair?
Ev'n here, where frozen Chaſtity retires,
Love finds an Altar for forbidden Fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the Lover, not lament the Fault;
I view my Crime, but kindle at the View,
Repent old Pleaſures, and ſollicit new;
Now turn'd to Heav'n, I weep my paſt Offence,
Now think of thee, and curſe my Innocence.
Of all Affliction taught a Lover yet,
'Tis ſure the hardeſt Science to forget!
How ſhall I loſe the Sin, yet keep the Senſe,
And love th' Offender, yet deteſt th' Offence?
How the dear Object from the Crime remove,
Or how diſtinguiſh Penitence from Love?
Unequal Taſk! a Paſſion to reſign,
For Hearts ſo touch'd, ſo pierc'd, ſo loſt as mine.
Ere ſuch a Soul regains its peaceful State,
How often muſt it love, how often hate!
How often hope, deſpair, reſent, regret,
Conceal, diſdain — do all Things but forget.
But let Heav'n ſeize it, all at once 'tis fir'd!
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inſpir'd!
Oh come! oh teach me Nature to ſubdue,
Renounce my Love, my Life, myſelf—and you.
Fill my fond Heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can ſucceed to thee.

How

How happy is the blameleſs Veſtal's Lot?
The World forgetting, by the World forgot:
Eternal Sunſhine of the ſpotleſs Mind!
Each Pray'r accepted, and each Wiſh reſign'd;
Labour and Reſt, that equal Periods keep;
'Obedient Slumbers that can wake and weep;'
Deſires compos'd, Affections ever ev'n;
Tears that delight, and Sighs that waft to Heav'n.
Grace ſhines around her with ſereneſt Beams,
And whiſp'ring Angels prompt her golden Dreams.
For her the Spouſe prepares the bridal Ring,
For her white Virgins *Hymenæals* ſing,
For her th' unfading Roſe of *Eden* blooms,
And Wings of Seraphs ſhed divine Perfumes,
To Sounds of heav'nly Harps ſhe dies away,
And melts in Viſions of eternal Day.

Far other Dreams my erring Soul employ,
Far other Raptures of unholy Joy:
When at the Cloſe of each ſad ſorrowing Day,
Fancy reſtores what Vengeance ſnatch'd away,
Then Conſcience ſleeps, and leaving Nature free,
All my looſe Soul unbounded ſprings to thee.
O curſt, dear Horrors of all-conſcious Night!
How glowing Guilt exalts the keen Delight!
Provoking Dæmons all Reſtraint remove,
And ſtir within me ev'ry Source of Love,
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy Charms,
And round thy Phantom glue my claſping Arms.

I wake:——no more I hear, no more I view,
The Phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I ſay;
I ſtretch my empty Arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I cloſe my willing Eyes;
Ye ſoft Illuſions, dear Deceits, ariſe!
Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Thro' dreary Waſtes, and weep each other's Woe,
Where round ſome mould'ring Tow'r pale Ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd Rocks hang nodding o'er the Deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the Skies;
Clouds interpoſe, Waves roar, and Winds ariſe.
I ſhriek, ſtart up, the ſame ſad Proſpect find,
And wake to all the Griefs I left behind.
For thee the Fates, ſeverely kind, ordain
A cool Suſpenſe from Pleaſure and from Pain;
Thy Life a long dead Calm of fix'd Repoſe;
No Pulſe that riots, and no Blood that glows.
Still as the Sea, e'er Winds were taught to blow,
Or moving Spirit bade the Waters flow;
Soft as the Slumbers of a Saint forgiv'n,
And mild as op'ning Gleams of promis'd Heav'n.
Come, *Abelard!* for what haſt thou to dread?
The Torch of *Venus* burns not for the dead.
Nature ſtands check'd; Religion diſapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold——yet *Eloïſa* loves.

Ah

Ah hopeleſs, laſting Flames! like thoſe that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful Urn.
What Scenes appear, where'er I turn my View,
The dear Ideas where I fly, purſue,
Riſe in the Grove, before the Altar riſe,
Stain all my Soul, and wanton in my Eyes.
I waſte the matin Lamp in Sighs for thee,
Thy Image ſteals between my God and me,
Thy Voice I ſeem in ev'ry Hymn to hear,
With ev'ry Bead I drop too ſoft a Tear.
When from the Cenſer Clouds of Fragrance roll,
And ſwelling Organs lift the riſing Soul,
One Thought of thee puts all the Pomp to flight,
Prieſts, Tapers, Temples, ſwim before my Sight:
In Seas of Flame my plunging Soul is drown'd,
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.
While proſtrate here in humble Grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous Drops juſt gathering in my Eye,
While praying, trembling, in the Duſt I roll,
And dawning Grace is op'ning on my Soul:
Come, if thou dar'ſt, all charming as thou art!
Oppoſe thyſelf to Heav'n; diſpute my Heart;
Come, with one Glance of thoſe deluding Eyes
Blot out each bright Idea of the Skies;
Take back that Grace, thoſe Sorrows, and thoſe Tears;
Take back my fruitleſs Penitence and Pray'rs;
Snatch me, juſt mounting, from the bleſt Abode;
Aſſiſt the Fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole;
Riſe *Alps* between us! and whole Oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor ſhare one Pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy Oaths I quit, thy Memory reſign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair Eyes, and tempting Looks (which yet I
view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd Ideas, all adieu!
O Grace ſerene! Oh Virtue heav'nly Fair!
Divine Oblivion of low-thoughted Care!
Freſh blooming Hope, gay Daughter of the Sky!
And Faith, our early Immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable Gueſt;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal Reſt!

See in her Cell ſad *Eloïſa* ſpread,
Propt on ſome Tomb, a Neighbour of the dead!
In each low Wind methinks a Spirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the Walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying Lamps around,
From yonder Shrine I heard a hollow Sound.
'Come, Siſter, come! (it ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay)
'Thy Place is here, ſad Siſter, come away!
'Once like thyſelf, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
'Love's Victim then, tho' now a ſainted Maid:
'But all is calm in this eternal Sleep;
'Here Grief forgets to groan, and Love to weep,
'Ev'n Superſtition loſes ev'ry Fear:
'For God, not Man, abſolves our Frailties
here.'

I come, I come! prepare your roſeate Bow'rs,
Celeſtial Palms, and ever-blooming Flow'rs,
Thither, where Sinners may have reſt, I go,
Where Flames refin'd in Breaſts ſeraphic glow:
Thou, *Abelard!* the laſt ſad Office pay,
And ſmooth my Paſſage to the Realms of Day;
See my Lips tremble, and my Eyeballs roll,
Suck my laſt Breath, and catch my flying Soul!
Ah no—in ſacred Veſtments may'ſt thou ſtand,
The hallow'd Taper trembling in thy Hand,
Preſent the Croſs before my lifted Eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once lov'd *Eloïſa* ſee!
It will be then no Crime to gaze on me.
See from my Cheek the tranſient Roſes fly!
See the laſt Sparkle languiſh in my Eye!
'Till ev'ry Motion, Pulſe, and Breath be o'er;
And ev'n my *Abelard* belov'd no more.
O Death all-eloquent! you only prove
What Duſt we doat on, when 'tis Man we love.
Then too, when Fate ſhall thy fair Frame deſtroy,
(That Cauſe of all my Guilt, and all my Joy)
In Trance extatic may thy Pangs be drown'd,
Bright Clouds deſcend, and Angels watch thee round,
From opening Skies may ſtreaming Glories ſhine,
And Saints embrace thee with a Love like mine.

May

May * one kind Grave unite each hapleſs Name,
And graft my Love immortal on thy Fame!
Then, Ages hence, when all my Woes are o'er,
When this Rebellious Heart ſhall beat no more;
If ever Chance two wand'ring Lovers brings
To *Paraclete*'s white Walls and ſilver Springs,
O'er the pale Marble ſhall they join their Heads,
And drink the falling Tear each other ſheds;
Then ſadly ſay, with mutual Pity mov'd,
'Oh may we never love as theſe have lov'd!'
From the full Choir when loud *Hoſanna*'s riſe,
And ſwell the Pomp of dreadful Sacrifice,
Amid that Scene, if ſome relenting Eye
Glance on the Stone where our cold Relicks lie,
Devotion's ſelf ſhall ſteal a Thought from Heav'n,
One human Tear ſhall drop, and be forgiv'n.
And ſure if Fate ſome future Bard ſhall join
In ſad Similitude of Griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole Years in Abſence to deplore,
And image Charms he muſt behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves ſo long, ſo well;
Let him our ſad, our tender Story tell;
The well-ſung Woes will ſooth my penſive Ghoſt;
He beſt can paint 'em who ſhall feel 'em moſt.

* *Abelard* and *Eloïſa* were interred in the ſame Grave, or in Monuments adjoining, in the Monaſtery of the *Paraclete*: He died in the Year 1142, ſhe in 1163.

CORESUS.

CORESUS *and* CALLIRRHOE.

A TALE.

ATtend, ye Fair, and learn what Pains await
Relentleſs Beauty, and the Virgin's Hate.
Tho' long the Lover, worn with anxious Care,
Unpity'd ſigh, and urge a fruitleſs Prayer;
Yet ſtung with late Remorſe the Nymph ſhall prove,
And mourn the dire Effects of injur'd Love.
Where wide outſtretch'd the ſpacious * *Patræ* lay,
To *Phœbus* ſacred, God of Health and Day,
Coreſus liv'd, *Coreſus* full of Truth,
The Pride and Envy of the *Grecian* Youth.
Prieſt of the *laurell'd Deity*, he ſerv'd
The Fane, nor from his Charge, incurious, ſwerv'd.
Comely, and fraught with ev'ry winning Grace,
He ſeem'd himſelf the Patron of the Place.
At length a ſofter God his Soul poſſeſs'd,
And all the *Wanton* revell'd in his Breaſt:
Callirrhoe's winning Charms new Warmth inſpire,
Glow in his Heart, and kindle fierce Deſire.

* A City in *Greece*.

Faireſt

Faireſt Attractive of the fairer Kind,
But cold, as nouriſh'd by the Mountain Hind:
With Vows and Tears he told his tender Tale,
Nor preſſing Vows, nor flowing Tears avail;
With haughty Air ſhe mock'd his am'rous Grief,
Nor deign'd a diſtant Proſpect of Relief.
With Scorn rejected, ſoon he ſtrove to tame
Th' imperious Gueſt, and quench the riſing Flame:
Luckleſs Attempt! unequal in the Strife,
He found it rooted, and a Part of Life.
With Wiſhes pure, he woo'd her to his Side,
No looſe Companion, but a ſpotleſs Bride.
But vain were all his Meaſures; ill-advis'd
She deem'd intreating Friends, and Wealth deſpis'd.
Thus, 'midſt the Horrors of the *Tyrrhene* Deep,
While circling Winds around her Boſom ſweep,
While Waves on Waves ſucceeding lend their Aid,
And riſing, with united Force invade,
Unmov'd, the barb'rous *Scylla* rears her Head,
Proud in her Strength, and ſtands the Pilot's Dread.
With wakeful Pains and hopeleſs Paſſion ſpent,
Enquiring, to the golden Shrine he went;
Around the Temple as his Footſteps roam,
Indignant Murmurs fill the ſolemn Dome;
Dear to his God, yet no Return enſu'd,
No wiſh'd Return indulg'd the Vow *renew'd*.

Now

Now thro' the Place contagious Fevers reign,
And madding Phrenſies rack the tortur'd Brain.
Ate aloft her vengeful Terrors bears,
Impetuous *Death* a ghaſtly Viſage wears;
A pois'nous Vapour taints the gloomy Sky,
The Scourge is up; Ten-thouſand rave and die.
An Embaſſy decrees the falling State,
And ſplendid Preſents on the Meſſage wait;
In mournful Pomp the penſive Envoys move,
And ſeek, to heal their Griefs, *Olympian Jove*.
Appeas'd with holy Rites, the Godhead ſpoke,
And Words like theſe the Silence awful broke:
'*Callirrhoe*'s Blood, by young *Coreſus* ſpilt,
'Shall ſave the ſinking State, and purge the Guilt;
'Or ſome illuſtrious Subſtitute may give
'His offer'd Life, and bid the Virgin live.'
Diſclos'd the welcome Anſwer ſparkling Joy,
And a new Luſtre beams from ev'ry Eye:
Elate, the Tribes now bid avaunt Deſpair,
Exulting ſhout, and ſeize the *deſtin'd Fair*;
The deſtin'd Fair bewails the ſad Conſtraint,
Far off reſounds the paſſionate Complaint:
'Some one to die!' ſhe begs the gazing Croud,
With piercing Cries, and Interceſſion loud;
The once-enamour'd Train the Service flies;
To *love* was eaſy, but to *live* was wiſe.
Lo! rob'd in White, the mitred Victim ſtands,
With Eyes uplifted, and beſeeching Hands!

The

The trembling Prieſt unſheath'd the fatal Blade,
And, ſighing, thus addreſs'd the frighted Maid:
'Accept, dear Object of my fondeſt Aim,
'This laſt beſt Proof of an unſully'd Flame;
'Far from that Breaſt be pungent Grief re-
'mov'd,
'This Heart ſhall bleed, and ſave the Life it
'lov'd.'
Quick, ere his Words the fixt Intent reveal,
Deep in his Boſom lodg'd the pointed Steel;
His Fall while weeping Multitudes admire,
Truth and *Coreſus* by one Wound expire.
Mean-time new Pangs thro' all the Virgin dart,
She feels a Tumult rage in ev'ry Part;
Then firſt her Soul a ſoft Emotion ſeiz'd,
And firſt in Death the hapleſs Lover pleas'd.
'And wou'd'ſt thou only die (ſhe ſaid) to ſave
'A Wretch ingrate from the remorſeleſs Grave?
'Thy gen'rous Act its due Return to give,
''Tis juſt to periſh, and 'tis baſe to live.'
She ending here, and, catching at the Word,
Plung'd to her ſick'ning Heart the reeking Sword;
Then ſunk, with decent Care and eaſy Pace,
And claſp'd the Body with a cold Embrace:
Interr'd one Tomb the fated Pair confin'd,
In Life divided, but in Death conjoin'd.

The CONTENTED CLOWN.

A TALE.

YOUNG *Hodge*, a poor, but a contented Swain,
Rented a homely Cottage on a Plain;
Homely you'd ſay, if you the Cottage ſaw,
The Walls were rear'd of Mud, and thatch'd with Straw:
In wond'rous Form at every Corner ſtood
A mighty Pole lopp'd from a neighb'ring Wood;
Not Columns plac'd for Show and wanton Pride,
But to ſupport with Safety every Side.
For when, with furious Blaſt, the North Wind blew,
Hodge long had thought that Ruin muſt enſue:
And Landlord nought would give, ſo lov'd he Pelf,
That *Hodge* e'en turn'd an Architect himſelf:
Therefore, as he conſulted *Uſe* alone,
Laid Parlour, Hall, and Kitchen, into one.
Well with the Place the Furniture agreed;
No Implements of Luxury, but Need:
Five wooden Platters in a comely Row,
With eke as many Beechen Spoons below;
An Iron Pot ſtood open to the View,
By which that he good Living kept you knew:

On

On half one Side the antique Bed was plac'd,
One whole Chair, and three broke, the other
grac'd;
All that you cou'd unneceſſary call,
Were ſome old tatter'd Ballads on the Wall:
Alike of Wealth was all his Stock and Store,
Two Bee-Hives (one forſaken) at the Door,
And Cabbages and Turnips half a Score:
A meagre Tit that on the Common graz'd,
A ſmall Runt Cow that from a Calf he rais'd;
One Cock, two Hens, and half a Dozen Chicks,
Two little Heaps of Hay, which *Hodge* call'd
Ricks:
Three Pigs, within Doors kept, and ſerv'd with
Care;
To theſe—a Wife—two Girls—a Son and Heir:
Theſe were his Stock—nor did he e'er repine,
Tho' Pigs, Wife, Children, often did combine
To greet his Ears, and in loud Concert join.
But 'midſt this Scene of Poverty and Woes,
Hodge, by his Looks, no Diſcontentment ſhows;
He feels no ſecret Pangs, betrays no Spleen,
But in his Face a blithful Mirth is ſeen.
At Work he whiſtles; when his Work is done,
No more is tir'd than when he firſt begun;
Homeward he hies, and tunes a merry Song,
His lov'd, tho' dirty ſquawling Tribe among:
Happy the Day, as happy proves the Night,
And *Madge* and *Hodge* experience true Delight;

Nor

Nor doubt that both their Pleaſures are ſincere,
When a brave chopping Child comes every Year.
Such *Hodge*'s Life was, which a neighb'ring 'Squire
Did often with an envious Mind admire;
Wonder'd a Clown, in ſuch penurious State,
Never repin'd at Heav'n, and curs'd his Fate,
But ſtill was merry, and was ſtill content;
And tho' his Charge increas'd--ſtill paid his Rent.
—The 'Squire once caught him felling down an Oak,
And, tho' he toil'd, ſtill ſung 'twixt ev'ry Stroke:
Pleas'd at his lightſome Heart, began a Chat,
And after ſome Diſcourſe of this and that;
'Pray *Hodge*, cries he, as Hardſhip you endure,
'How can you be ſo *merry*, and ſo *poor*?
'You whiſtle, ſing, *contented* are, and *free*,
'Some *Secret* ſure you have; pray tell it *me*.'
Hodge ſtops a while, and with a Leer replies,
'You ſhall the *Secret* know without Diſguiſe:
'Why, when I think of ſuch fine Folk as you,
'That ride in Coaches, and have nought to do;
'Who live upon the Fat of all the Land,
'Have Coaches, Horſes, Servants at Command:
'Why then, an't pleaſe your Worſhip, in good 'Faith,
'A ſecret Curſe or two my Father hath,
'Who under ſuch a Star a Son begot,
'That never will thro' Life be worth a Groat.

'But

'But when I change the Caſe, and think how few
'Have *ſuch Eſtates*, and live like one of *you*;
'And yet how many *Millions* have the Curſe
'Of my *Condition*, if not ſtill a worſe;
'Content, that Work I follow I began,
'And ſtill jog on as merry as I can.'

The ACCIDENT.

A PASTORAL ESSAY.

FROM roſy Fingers, *Morning* ſhook the Dew;
From *Nature's* Charms the Veil of *Night* ſhe drew:
Reviving Colour glow'd with broken Light;
The varied Landſcape dawn'd upon the Sight:
The Lark's firſt Song melodious floats on Air;
And *Damon* riſes, wak'd by Love and Care,
Unpens the Fold, and o'er the glitt'ring Mead,
With thoughtful Steps, conducts his fleecy Breed.
Near, in rude Majeſty, a Mountain ſtood,
Projecting far, and brow'd with pendant Wood;
The Foliage, trembling as the Breezes blow,
Inverted, tremble in a Brook below.
The Mountain echo'd ev'ry plaintive Strain,
The ſighing Breeze return'd his Sighs again.

The

The gliding Brook re-murmur'd to his Grief,
As thus from Song the Shepherd ſought Relief.
'When late in rural Sports I took my Share,
'Blithe as the blitheſt in the crouded Fair,
'What tho' from Ten, contending in the Race,
'I ſnatch'd the Prize, with yet unrival'd Pace?
'What tho', in Wreſtling, arduous to excel,
'I ſtood the Victor, when each Rival fell?
'What tho', when *Colin*, oft in Combat crown'd,
'The Cudgel ſeiz'd, and aw'd the Circle round,
'I boldly dar'd the Champion of the Green,
'And, from his Head, the trick'ling Blood was
'ſeen?
'What tho', in ſofter Strife, my rural Song
'Won the loud *Plaudit* of the liſt'ning Throng?
'Tho' ev'ry Prize, by ev'ry Voice, was mine,
'And rival Hands for me the Chaplet twine,
'On *Robin*'s Shoulders thro' the Croud con-
'vey'd
'Of Maids that bluſh'd, and Shepherds that
'huzza'd;
'Vain all my Strength, Activity, and Speed,
'Vain all my Skill to tune the vocal Reed;
'No Joy the Chaplet, or the Prize cou'd give,
'For *Phillis* frown'd, the Nymph for whom I
'live:
'*Phillis!* whoſe Charms alone my Wiſhes fir'd,
'Whoſe Charms, Ambition, not my own, in-
'ſpir'd;

'Who

'Who made my Feet more ſwift, my Arms
'more ſtrong,
'My Heart more dauntleſs, and more ſweet
'my Song.
'Love gave me Conqueſt, but deny'd me Bliſs,
'When from her Lips ſhe wip'd the raviſh'd Kiſs.
'Cruel and coy ſhe blaſted all my Pride,
'And 'midſt the Tranſport of my Friends I ſigh'd;
'Deny'd her Love, I'm poor with all the reſt,
'Indulg'd with that, of more than all poſſeſs'd.
'What giddy Caprice rules a Woman's Mind,
'As Fate relentleſs, and as Fortune blind!
'On vanquiſh'd *Colin*, *Phillis* ſheds her Smiles,
'And all his Sorrows and his Pains beguiles;
'She, from the Wound I gave, with lenient Care
'Waſh'd the ſtiff Gore, and clipp'd the clotted
'Hair:
'The healing Simples with ſoft Touch apply'd,
'Own'd and careſs'd him, ſpite of Female Pride,
'Mourn'd his Diſgrace, and now from future
'Harms,
'Perhaps ſhe hides him in her circling Arms.
'O! had kind Heav'n to me transferr'd his
'Blow,
'O! had I own'd him a ſuperior Foe,
'Fled from the gen'ral Hiſs, with Shame depreſt,
'To hide my Bluſhes in her downy Breaſt!
'To him, with Rapture, ev'ry Prize I'd yield,
'And all the taſteleſs Honours of the Field,

'For

'For each gay Trifle with her Love o'erpaid,
'Bleſt, tho' forgotten, in the ſecret Shade.
'Vain Wiſh! to *Colin* is that Bliſs decreed—
'Diſtracting Thoughts diſtracting Thoughts ſucceed——
'May ſwift Deſtruction ſeize the hated Pair,
'Or, worſe than ſwift Deſtruction, my Deſpair!
'No—may the fruitleſs Curſe leave *Phillis* free,
'But doubled, *Colin!* be fulfill'd in thee.'
High on the neighb'ring Mountain's airy Head,
His browzing Goats as happy *Colin* fed;
Pronounc'd with haſty Rage, he heard his Name,
And near the Brow with ſtill Attention came;
Too near, the treach'rous Brink gives Way, and lo!
He ſhrieks, and plunges in the Brook below;
The ſounding Waters, whitening as they roſe,
Now with ſubſiding Murmurs round him cloſe.
Damon, alarm'd, his falling Rival knew,
And, ſwift as Light'ning, to his Aid he flew;
Prevailing Virtue triumph'd in his Breaſt,
And Pity, Love, and Enmity ſuppreſt:
He ſaw him gaſp, emerging from the Brook,
And reach'd, with gen'rous Haſte, his ſaving Crook,
Caught by the drowning Wretch with both his Hands,
And grateful, trembling, on the Bank he ſtands.

Short

Short Recollection ſerv'd him thus to ſhow
How much a Friend he roſe, who fell a Foe:
" Born to ſubdue me, and ſubdu'd to ſave,
" Thine from this Moment is the Life you gave;
" Here, by the Gods who ſent thee to my Aid,
" I ſwear, no more to ſee thy fav'rite Maid,
" By partial Favour, not by Merit mine,
" To thee, more worthy, *Phillis*, I reſign:
" Go, and my Falſhood to thy Miſtreſs plead,
" Go, and may Heav'n and Love thy Suit ſuc-
" ceed."
Thus ſoon with ardent Looks, with honeſt Pride,
And juſt Diſdain, the kindling Swain reply'd:
' What *Damon*'s faithful Love eſſay'd in vain,
' He ſcorns by *Colin*'s broken Vows to gain;
' Be thine the Maid, ſince Fate ordains it ſo,
' And Time and Abſence ſhall allay my Woe;
' Friends, from this Hour, for ever let us live,
' My Friendſhip's Pledge, this ſpotleſs Ewe I
' I give;'
" And I, yon Kid than falling Snow more
" white,"
Glad *Colin* cry'd, and mutual Faith they plight.
Thus buſied, *Phillis*, unperceiv'd, drew near,
Foredoom'd, her Love now twice renounc'd, to hear;
" Take, *Damon*, thus the bluſhing Maid begins,
" The Hand, the Heart, thy gen'rous Virtue
" wins;

" Not

" Not *Colin*'s broken Vows, but *Damon*'s Truth,
" Now blends my Fate with thine, deſerving
" Youth!
" To try thee, O! forgive, if try'd too far,
" Was all I meant, whate'er my Actions were.'
Her Hand, with ſudden Rapture, *Damon* preſt,
The joyful Pair conſenting *Colin* bleſt;
To *Damon*'s Cot they take the flow'ry Way,
With guiltleſs Mirth to crown the happy Day.

The DISAPPOINTED MILKMAID.

A TALE.

HOW *poorly* your *Projectors* fare,
That *build* their *Caſtles* in the *Air!*
Still *tow'ring* on from *Scheme* to *Scheme*,
They top *Olympus* in a *Dream:*
But *waking*, find (Nineteen i' th' Score)
Themſelves far *lower* than *before.*
Of *theſe* the *Inſtances* are *many*,
And *this* will *ſerve* as well as *any.*
It happen'd on a *Summer's* Day,
A *Country Laſs* as *freſh* as *May*,
Deck'd in a wholeſome *Ruſſet* Gown,
Was going to next *Market* Town.
So *blithe* her *Looks*, ſo *ſimply clean*,
You'd take her for a *May-day Queen*;

Save, 'ſtead of *Garland* (ſays my Tale)
Her *Head* bore *Brindy*'s loaded *Pail.*
As on her *Way* ſhe paſs'd along,
She *hum'd* the *Fragments* of a *Song.*
She did not hum *for want of Thought,*
Quite pleas'd with *what* to *Sale* ſhe brought;
And reckon'd by her *own* Account,
When all was ſold, the whole Amount.
Thus *ſhe*— In *Time*, this *little* Ware
May turn to *great Account* with *Care.*
My *Milk* being *ſold* for——*ſo* and *ſo*,
I'll buy ſome *Eggs* as *Markets* go,
And *ſet* them—— At the *Time* I fix
Theſe *Eggs* will *bring* as many *Chicks*;
I'll ſpare no *Pains* to *feed* 'em well,
They'll bring vaſt *Profit* when they ſell:
With this I'll *buy* a little *Pig*,
And when 'tis *grown* up *fat* and *big*,
I'll ſell it, whether *Boar* or *Sow*,
And with the Money *buy* a *Cow.*
This *Cow* will ſurely have a *Calf*,
And there the *Profit's Half* in *Half:*
Beſides there's *Butter*, *Milk*, and *Cheeſe*,
To *keep* the *Market* when I pleaſe.
All which I'll *ſell*, and *buy* a *Farm*,
Then ſhall of *Sweethearts* have a *Swarm.*
O! then for *Ribbands*, *Gloves*, and *Rings*,
Ay, more than *twenty* pretty *Things:*
One brings me *this*, another *that*,
And I ſhall *have*—— the *Lord* knows *what!*

Fir'd

Fir'd with the *Thoughts*, the frantic *Laſs*,
Of what was *thus* to *come* to *paſs*,
Her *Heart* beat *ſtrong*, ſhe gave a *Bound*,
And *down* came *Milkpail* on the *Ground*.
Eggs, *Fowl*, *Pig*, *Hog* (ah! well-o'-day!)
Cow, *Calf*, and *Farm*,— all *ſwam* away.

HESIOD; *or the* RISE *of* WOMAN.

A TALE.

By Mr. PARNELL.

WHAT antient Times (thoſe Times we fancy wiſe)
Have left on long Record of *Woman*'s Riſe,
What Morals teach it, and what Fables hide,
What Author wrote it, how that Author dy'd,
All theſe I ſing. In *Greece* they fram'd the Tale
(In *Greece* 'twas thought a *Woman* might be frail.)
Ye modern Beauties! where the Poet drew
His ſofteſt Pencil, think he dreamt of you;
And warn'd by him, ye wanton Pens, beware
How Heav'n's concern'd to vindicate the Fair.
The Caſe was *Heſiod*'s; he the Fable writ;
Some think with Meaning, ſome with idle Wit:
Perhaps 'tis either, as the Ladies pleaſe;
I wave the Conteſt, and commence the Lays.

In Days of Yore, (no matter where or when,
'Twas ere the low Creation ſwarm'd with Men)
That one *Prometheus*, ſprung of heav'nly Birth,
(Our Author's Song can witneſs) liv'd on Earth.
He carv'd the Turf to mould a manly Frame,
And ſtole from *Jove* his animating Flame.
The ſly Contrivance o'er *Olympus* ran,
When thus the Monarch of the Stars began:
Oh vers'd in Arts! whoſe daring Thoughts aſpire
To kindle Clay with never-dying Fire!
Enjoy thy Glory paſt, That Gift was thine;
The next thy Creature meets, be fairly mine:
And ſuch a Gift, a Vengeance ſo deſign'd,
As ſuits the Counſel of a God to find;
A pleaſing Boſom-cheat, a ſpecious Ill,
Which felt they curſe, yet covet ſtill to feel.
He ſaid, and *Vulcan* ſtrait the Sire commands,
To temper Mortar with etherial Hands;
In ſuch a Shape to mould a riſing Fair,
As Virgin-Goddeſſes are proud to wear;
To make her Eyes with Diamond-water ſhine,
And form her Organs for a Voice divine.
'Twas thus the Sire ordain'd; the Pow'r obey'd;
And work'd, and wonder'd at the Work he made;
The faireſt, ſofteſt, ſweeteſt Frame beneath,
Now made to ſeem, now more than ſeem to breathe.
As *Vulcan* ends, the cheerful *Queen* of *Charms*
Claſp'd the new-panting Creature in her Arms;
From

From that Embrace a fine Complexion ſpread,
Where mingled Whiteneſs glow'd with ſofter Red.
Then in a Kiſs ſhe breath'd her various Arts,
Of trifling prettily with wounded Hearts;
A Mind for Love, but ſtill a changing Mind;
The Liſp affected, and the Glance deſign'd;
The ſweet confuſing Bluſh, the ſecret Wink,
The gentle-ſwimming Walk, the courteous Sink,
The Stare for Strangeneſs fit, for Scorn the Frown,
For decent yielding Looks declining down,
The practis'd Languiſh, where well-feign'd Deſire
Wou'd own its melting in a mutual Fire;
Gay Smiles to comfort; *April* Show'rs to move;
And all the Nature, all the Art, of Love.

Gold-ſcepter'd *Juno* next exalts the Fair;
Her Touch endows her with imperious Air,
Self-valuing Fancy, highly-creſted Pride,
Strong ſov'reign Will, and *ſome* Deſire to chide:
For which an Eloquence, that aims to vex,
With native Tropes of Anger, arms the Sex.

Minerva (ſkilful Goddeſs) trained the Maid
To twirl the Spindle by the twiſting Thread,
To fix the Loom, inſtruct the Reeds to part,
Croſs the long Weft, and cloſe the Web with Art,

An uſeful Gift; but what profuſe Expence,
What World of Faſhions, took their Riſe from hence!

Young *Hermes* next, a cloſe-contriving God,
Her Brows encircled with his Serpent Rod:
Then Plots and fair Excuſes, fill'd her Brain,
The Views of breaking am'rous Vows for Gain,
The Price of Favours; the deſigning Arts
That aim at Riches in Contempt of Hearts;
And for a Comfort in the Marriage Life,
The little, pilf'ring Temper of a *Wife*.

Full on the Fair his Beams *Apollo* flung,
And fond Perſuaſion tip'd her eaſy Tongue;
He gave her Words, where oily Flatt'ry lays
The pleaſing Colours of the Art of Praiſe;
And Wit, to Scandal exquiſitely prone,
Which frets another's Spleen to cure its own.

Thoſe ſacred *Virgins* whom the Bards revere,
Tun'd all her Voice, and ſhed a Sweetneſs there,
To make her Senſe with double Charms abound,
Or make her lively Nonſenſe pleaſe by Sound.

To dreſs the Maid, the decent *Graces* brought
A Robe in all the Dies of Beauty wrought,
And plac'd their Boxes o'er a rich Brocade
Where pictur'd *Loves* on ev'ry Cover play'd;
Then ſpread thoſe Implements that *Vulcan*'s Art
Had fram'd to merit *Cytherea*'s Heart;
The Wire to curl, the cloſe-indented Comb
To call the Locks that lightly wander, home;

And

And chief, the Mirrour, where the raviſh'd Maid
Beholds and loves her own reflected Shade.

Fair *Flora* lent her Stores, the purpled *Hours*
Confin'd her Treſſes with a Wreath of Flow'rs;
Within the Wreath aroſe a radiant Crown;
A Veil pellucid hung depending down;
Back roll'd her azure Veil with Serpent fold,
The purfled Border deck'd the Floor with Gold.
Her Robe (which cloſely by the Girdle brac't
Reveal'd the Beauties of a ſlender Waſte)
Flow'd to the Feet; to copy *Venus'* Air,
When *Venus'* Statues have a Robe to wear.

The new-ſprung Creature finiſh'd thus for Harms,
Adjuſts her Habit, practiſes her Charms,
With Bluſhes glows, or ſhines with lively Smiles,
Confirms her Will, or recollects her Wiſes:
Then conſcious of her Worth, with eaſy Pace
Glides by the Glaſs, and turning views her Face.

A finer Flax than what they wrought before,
Thro' Time's deep Cave the *Siſter Fates* explore,
Then fix the Loom, their Fingers nimbly weave,
And thus the Toil prophetic Songs deceive.

Flow from the Rock, my Flax! and ſwiftly flow,
Purſue thy Thread; the Spindle runs below.
A Creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
The Creature *Woman*, riſes now to reign.

New Beauty blooms, a Beauty form'd to fly;
New Love begins, a Love produc'd to die;
New Parts diſtreſs the troubled Scenes of Life,
The fondling Miſtreſs, and the ruling Wife.
Men, born to Labour, all with Pains provide;
Women have Time, to ſacrifice to Pride:
They want the Care of Man, their Want they know,
And dreſs to pleaſe with heart-alluring Show,
The Show prevailing, for the Sway contend,
And make a Servant where they meet a Friend.
Thus in a thouſand wax-erected Forts
A loitering Race the painful Bee ſupports,
From Sun to Sun, from Bank to Bank he flies,
With Honey loads his Bag, with Wax his Thighs,
Fly where he will, at Home the Race remain,
Prune the Silk Dreſs, and murm'ring eat the Gain.
Yet here and there we grant a gentle Bride,
Whoſe Temper betters by the Father's Side;
Unlike the reſt that double Human Care,
Fond to relieve, or reſolute to ſhare:
Happy the Man whom thus his Stars advance!
The Curſe is gen'ral, but the Bleſſing Chance.
Thus ſung the *Siſters*, while the Gods admire
Their beauteous Creature made for Man in Ire;
The young *Pandora* ſhe, whom all contend
To make too perfect not to gain her End:
Then bid the Winds that fly to breathe the Spring,
Return to bear her on a gentle Wing;

With

With wafting Airs the Winds obſequious blow,
And land the ſhining Vengeance ſafe below,
A golden Coffer in her Hand ſhe bore,
(The Preſent treach'rous, but the Bearer more)
'Twas fraught with Pangs; for *Jove* ordain'd above,
That Gold ſhould aid, and Pangs attend on Love.

Her gay Deſcent the Man perceiv'd afar,
Wond'ring he run to catch the falling Star;
But ſo ſurpriz'd, as none but he can tell,
Who lov'd ſo quickly, and who lov'd ſo well.
O'er all his Veins the wand'ring Paſſion burns,
He calls her Nymph, and ev'ry Nymph by turns.
Her Form to lovely *Venus* he prefers,
Or ſwears that *Venus* muſt be ſuch as hers.
She, proud to rule, yet ſtrangely fram'd to teize,
Neglects his Offers while her Airs ſhe plays,
Shoots ſcornful Glances from the bended Frown,
In briſk Diſorder trips it up and down,
Then hums a careleſs Tune to lay the Storm,
And ſits, and bluſhes, ſmiles, and yields, in *Form*.

"Now take what *Jove* deſign'd (ſhe ſoftly cry'd)
"This Box thy Portion, and Myſelf thy Bride:"
Fir'd with the Proſpect of the double Charms,
He ſnatch'd the Box, and Bride, with eager Arms.

Unhappy Man! to whom ſo bright ſhe ſhone:
The fatal Gift, her tempting Self, unknown!
The Winds were ſilent, all the Waves aſleep,
And Heav'n was trac'd upon the flatt'ring Deep;

But whilſt he looks unmindful of a Storm,
And thinks the Water wears a ſtable Form,
What dreadful Din around his Ears ſhall riſe!
What Frowns confuſe his Picture of the Skies!

At firſt the Creature Man was fram'd alone,
Lord of himſelf, and all the World his own.
For him the Nymphs in Green forſook the Woods,
For him the Nymphs in Blue forſook the Floods;
In vain the Satyrs rage, the Tritons rave,
They bore him Heroes in the ſecret Cave.
No Care deſtroy'd, no ſick Diſorder prey'd,
No bending Age his ſprightly Form decay'd,
No Wars were known, no Females heard to rage,
And Poets tell us, 'twas a golden Age.

When *Woman* came, thoſe Ills the Box confin'd
Burſt furious out, and poiſon'd all the Wind,
From Point to Point, from Pole to Pole they flew,
Spread as they went, and in the Progreſs grew:
The Nymphs regretting left the mortal Race,
And alt'ring Nature wore a ſickly Face;
New Terms of Folly roſe, new States of Care;
New Plagues, to ſuffer, and to pleaſe, the Fair!
The Days of Whining, and of wild Intrigues,
Commenc'd, or finiſh'd, with the Breach of Leagues;
The mean Deſigns of well-diſſembled Love;
The ſordid Matches never join'd above;

Abroad

Abroad the Labour, and at home the Noiſe,
(Man's double Sufferings for domeſtick Joys)
The Curſe of Jealouſy; Expence, and Strife;
Divorce, the public Brand of ſhameful Life;
The Rival's Sword; the Qualm that takes the Fair;
Diſdain for Paſſion, Paſſion in Deſpair——
Theſe, and a thouſand, yet unnam'd, we find;
Ah. fear the thouſand, yet unnam'd behind!

Thus on *Parnaſſus* tuneful *Heſiod* ſung,
The Mountain echo'd, and the Valley rung,
The ſacred Groves a fix'd Attention ſhow,
The chryſtal *Heliçon* forbore to flow,
The Sky grew bright, and (if his Verſe be true)
The *Muſes* came to give the Laurel too.
But what avail'd the verdant Prize of Wit,
If *Love* ſwore Vengeance for the Tales he writ?
Ye Fair offended, hear your Friend relate
What heavy Judgment prov'd the Writers Fate,
Tho' *when* it happen'd, no Relation clears,
'Tis thought in five, or five and twenty Years.

Where, dark and ſilent, with a twiſted Shade
The neighb'ring Woods a native Arbour made,
There oft a tender Pair for am'rous Play
Retiring, toy'd the raviſh'd Hours away;
A *Locrian* Youth, the gentle *Troilus* he,
A fair *Mileſian*, kind *Evanthe* ſhe:
But ſwelling Nature in a fatal Hour
Betray'd the Secrets of the conſcious Bow'r;

The

The dire Diſgrace her Brothers count their own,
And track her Steps, to make its Author known.
It chanc'd one Evening, ('twas the Lover's Day)
Conceal'd in Brakes the jealous Kindred lay;
When *Heſiod* wand'ring, mus'd along the Plain,
And fix'd his Seat where Love had fix'd the Scene:
A ſtrong Suſpicion ſtrait poſſeſt their Mind,
(For Poets ever were a gentle Kind.)
But when *Evanthe* near the Paſſage ſtood,
Flung back a doubtful Look, and ſhot the Wood,
"Now take (at once they cry) thy due Re-
"ward,"
And urg'd with erring Rage, aſſault the Bard.
His Corps the Sea receiv'd. The Dolphins bore
('Twas all the Gods would do) the Corps to Shore.
Methinks I view the Dead with pitying Eyes,
And ſee the Dreams of antient Wiſdom riſe;
I ſee the *Muſes* round the Body cry,
But hear a *Cupid* loudly laughing by;
He wheels his Arrow with inſulting Hand,
And thus inſcribes the Moral on the Sand.
"Here *Heſiod* lies: Ye future Bards beware
"How far your Moral Tales incenſe the Fair:
"Unlov'd, unloving, 'twas his Fate to bleed;
"Without his Quiver *Cupid* caus'd the Deed:
"He judg'd this Turn of Malice juſtly due,
"And *Heſiod* dy'd for Joys he never knew."

The

The CHOICE.

By Mr. POMFRET.

IF Heav'n the grateful Liberty would give,
That I might chooſe my Method how to live;
And all thoſe Hours propitious Fate ſhould lend,
In bliſsful Eaſe and Satisfaction ſpend;

Near ſome fair Town I'd have a private Seat,
Built uniform; not little, nor too great:
Better, if on a riſing Ground it ſtood;
On this Side Fields, on that a neighb'ring Wood.
It ſhould within no other Things contain,
But what are uſeful, neceſſary, plain:
Methinks 'tis nauſeous, and I'd ne'er endure
The needleſs Pomp of gaudy Furniture.
A little Garden, grateful to the Eye;
And a cool Rivulet run murm'ring by:
On whoſe delicious Banks a ſtately Row
Of ſhady Limes, or Sycamores, ſhould grow.
At th' End of which a ſilent Study plac'd,
Should be with all the nobleſt Authors grac'd:
Horace and *Virgil*, in whoſe mighty Lines
Immortal Wit, and ſolid Learning, ſhines;
Sharp *Juvenal*, and am'rous *Ovid* too,
Who all the Turns of Love's ſoft Paſſion knew:
He that with Judgment reads his charming Lines,
In which ſtrong Art with ſtronger Nature joins,

Muſt

Muſt grant his Fancy does the beſt excel;
His Thoughts ſo tender, and expreſs'd ſo well:
With all thoſe Moderns, Men of ſteady Senſe,
Eſteem'd for Learning, and for Eloquence.
In ſome of theſe, as Fancy ſhould adviſe,
I'd always take my Morning Exerciſe:
For ſure no Minutes bring us more Content,
Than thoſe in pleaſing, uſeful Studies ſpent.

I'd have a clear and competent Eſtate,
That I might live genteely, but not great:
As much as I could moderately ſpend;
A little more, ſometimes t' oblige a Friend.
Nor ſhould the Sons of Poverty repine
Too much at Fortune, they ſhould taſte of mine;
And all that Objects of true Pity were,
Should be reliev'd with what my Wants could ſpare:
For that our Maker has too largely giv'n,
Should be return'd in Gratitude to Heav'n.
A frugal Plenty ſhould my Table ſpread;
With healthy, not luxurious, Diſhes fed:
Enough to ſatisfy, and ſomething more,
To feed the Stranger, and the neighb'ring Poor.
Strong Meat indulges Vice, and pamp'ring Food
Creates Diſeaſes, and inflames the Blood.
But what's ſufficient to make Nature ſtrong,
And the bright Lamp of Life continue long,
I'd freely take; and, as I did poſſeſs,
The bounteous *Author* of my Plenty bleſs.

I'd

I'd have a little Vault, but always ſtor'd
With the beſt Wines each Vintage cou'd afford.
Wine whets the Wit, improves its native Force,
And gives a pleaſant Flavour to Diſcourſe:
By making all our Spirits debonnair,
Throws off the Lees, the Sediment of Care.
But as the greateſt Bleſſing Heaven lends,
May be debauch'd, and ſerve ignoble Ends;
So, but too oft, the Grape's refreſhing Juice,
Does many miſchievous Effects produce.
My Houſe ſhould no ſuch rude Diſorders know,
As from high Drinking conſequently flow;
Nor wou'd I uſe what was ſo kindly giv'n,
To the Diſhonour of indulgent Heav'n.
If any Neighbour came, he ſhould be free,
Us'd with Reſpect, and not uneaſy be
In my Retreat, or to himſelf or me.
What Freedom, Prudence, and right Reaſon, give,
All Men may, with Impunity, receive:
But the leaſt ſwerving from their Rule, 's too much;
For what's forbidden us, 'tis Death to touch.
That Life may be more comfortable yet,
And all my Joys refin'd, ſincere, and great;
I'd chuſe two Friends, whoſe Company wou'd be
A great Advance to my Felicity:
Well born, of Humours ſuited to my own,
Diſcreet, and Men, as well as Books, have known:

Brave,

Brave, gen'rous, witty, and exactly free
From looſe Behaviour, or Formality:
Airy, and prudent; merry, but not light;
Quick in diſcerning, and in judging Right:
Secret they ſhould be, faithful to their Truſt;
In Reas'ning cool, ſtrong, temperate, and juſt:
Obliging, open, without Huffing, brave;
Briſk in gay Talking, and, in ſober, grave:
Cloſe in Diſpute, but not tenacious; try'd
By ſolid Reaſon, and let that decide:
Not prone to Luſt, Revenge, or envious Hate;
Nor buſy Medlers with Intrigues of State:
Strangers to Slander, and ſworn Foes to Spite;
Not quarrelſome, but ſtout enough to fight:
Loyal, and pious, Friends to *Cæſar*; true,
As dying Martyrs, to their Maker too.
In their Society I could not miſs
A permanent, ſincere, ſubſtantial Bliſs.
Would bounteous Heav'n once more indulge,
I'd chuſe
(For who would ſo much Satisfaction loſe,
As witty Nymphs in Converſation give)
Near ſome obliging, modeſt Fair to live:
For there's that Sweetneſs in a Female Mind,
Which in a Man's we cannot hope to find;
That, by a ſecret, but a pow'rful Art,
Winds up the Spring of Life, and does impart
Freſh, vital Heat to the tranſported Heart.

I'd

I'd have her Reaſon all her Paſſion ſway;
Eaſy in Company, in private gay:
Coy to a Fop, to the Deſerving free;
Still conſtant to herſelf, and juſt to me.
A Soul ſhe ſhould have for great Actions fit;
Prudence and Wiſdom to direct her Wit:
Courage to look bold Danger in the Face;
No Fear, but only to be proud or baſe:
Quick to adviſe, by an Emergence preſt,
To give good Counſel, or to take the beſt.
I'd have th'Expreſſion of her Thoughts be ſuch,
She might not ſeem reſerv'd, nor talk too much:
That ſhews a Want of Judgment, and of Senſe;
More than enough is but Impertinence.
Her Conduct regular, her Mirth refin'd;
Civil to Strangers, to her Neighbours kind:
Averſe to Vanity, Revenge, and Pride;
In all the Methods of Deceit untry'd:
So faithful to her Friend, and good to all,
No Cenſure might upon her Actions fall:
Then would e'en Envy be compell'd to ſay,
She goes the leaſt of Womankind aſtray.

To this fair Creature I'd ſometimes retire;
Her Converſation wou'd new Joys inſpire:
Give Life an Edge ſo keen, no ſurly Care
Would venture to aſſault my Soul, or dare,
Near my Retreat, to hide one ſecret Snare.
But ſo divine, ſo noble a Repaſt
I'd ſeldom, and with Moderation, taſte:

For

For higheſt Cordials all their Virtue loſe,
By a too frequent and too bold a Uſe;
And what would cheer the Spirits in Diſtreſs,
Ruins our Health, when taken to Exceſs.
I'd be concern'd in no litigious Jar;
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
Whate'er Aſſiſtance I had Pow'r to bring,
T' oblige my Country, or to ſerve my King,
Whene'er they call, I'd readily afford
My Tongue, my Pen, my Counſel, or my Sword.
Law-ſuits I'd ſhun, with as much ſtudious Care,
As I wou'd Dens where hungry Lions are;
And rather put up Injuries, than be
A Plague to him, who'd be a Plague to me.
I value Quiet at a Price too great,
To give for my Revenge ſo dear a Rate:
For what do we by all our Buſtle gain,
But counterfeit Delight for real Pain?
If Heav'n a Date of many Years would give,
Thus I'd in Pleaſure, Eaſe, and Plenty live.
And as I near approach'd the Verge of Life,
Some kind Relation (for I'd have no Wife)
Shou'd take upon him all my worldly Care,
Whilſt I did for a better State prepare.
Then I'd not be with any Trouble vex'd,
Nor have the Ev'ning of my Days perplex'd;
But by a ſilent and a peaceful Death,
Without a Sigh, reſign my aged Breath.
And when committed to the Duſt, I'd have
Few Tears, but friendly, dropt into my Grave.

Then

Then would my Exit ſo propitious be,
All Men would wiſh to live and die like me.

CRUELTY *and* LUST.

An EPISTOLARY TALE. *

By Mr. POMFRET.

WHERE can the wretched'ſt of all Creatures fly,
To tell the Story of her Miſery?
Where, but to faithful *Celia*, in whoſe Mind
A manly Brav'ry's with ſoft Pity join'd.
I fear theſe Lines will ſcarce be underſtood,
Blurr'd with inceſſant Tears, and writ in Blood.
But if you can the mournful Pages read,
The ſad Relation ſhews you ſuch a Deed,
As all the Annals of th' infernal Reign
Shall ſtrive to equal, or exceed, in vain.
Neronior's Fame, no doubt, has reach'd your Ears,
Whoſe Cruelty has caus'd a Sea of Tears;

* This Piece was occaſioned by the Barbarity of *Kirke*, a Commander in the *Weſtern Rebellion*, 1685, who debauched a young Lady, with a Promiſe to ſave her Huſband's Life, but hanged him the next Morning.

Fill'd

Fill'd each lamenting Town with Fun'ral Sighs,
Deploring Widows Shrieks, and Orphans Cries.
At ev'ry Health the horrid Monſter quaff'd,
Ten Wretches dy'd; and, as they dy'd, he laugh'd:
Till, tir'd with acting Devil, he was led,
Drunk, with Exceſs of Blood and Wine, to Bed.
Oh, curſed Place!— I can no more command
My Pen; Shame and Confuſion ſhake my Hand:
But I muſt on, and let my *Celia* know
How barb'rous are my Wrongs, how vaſt my Woe.
Amongſt the Croud of *Weſtern* Youth, who ran
To meet the brave, betray'd, unhappy Man*,
My Huſband, fatally uniting, went;
Unus'd to Arms, and thoughtleſs of th' Event.
But when the Battle was by Treach'ry won,
The Chief, and all, but his falſe Friend, undone;
Tho', in the Tumult of that deſp'rate Night,
He ſcap'd the dreadful Slaughter of the Fight;
Yet the ſagacious Blood-hounds, ſkill'd too well
In all the murd'ring Qualities of Hell,
Each ſecret Place ſo regularly beat,
They ſoon diſcover'd his unſafe Retreat.
As hungry Wolves, triumphing o'er their Prey,
To ſure Deſtruction hurry them away:
So the Purveyors of fierce *Moloc*'s Son,
With *Charon*, to the common Butch'ry run;

* The Duke of *Monmouth*.

Where

Where proud *Neronior*, by his Gibbet ſtood,
To glut himſelf with freſh Supplies of Blood,
Our Friends, by pow'rful Interceſſion, gain'd
A ſhort Reprieve, but for three Days obtain'd,
To try all Ways might to Compaſſion move
The ſavage Gen'ral, but in vain they ſtrove.
When I perceiv'd that all Addreſſes fail'd,
And nothing o'er his ſtubborn Soul prevail'd;
Diſtracted almoſt, to his Tent I flew,
To make the laſt Effort what Tears could do.
Low on my Knees I fell; then thus began:
Great Genius of Succeſs, thou more than Man!
Whoſe Arms to ev'ry Clime have Terror hurl'd,
And carry'd Conqueſt round the trembling World;
Still may the brighteſt Glories Fame can lend
Your Sword, your Conduct, and your Cauſe attend.
Here now the Arbiter of Fate you ſit,
While ſuppliant Slaves their rebel Heads ſubmit.
Oh, pity the Unfortunate! and give
But this one Thing: Oh, let but *Charion* live!
And take the little All that we poſſeſs;
I'll bear the meagre Anguiſh of Diſtreſs:
Content, nay pleas'd, to beg, or earn my Bread,
Let *Charion* live, no Matter how I'm fed.
The Fall of ſuch a Youth, no Luſtre brings
To him, whoſe Sword performs ſuch wondrous Things
As ſaving Kingdoms, and ſupporting Kings.

That

That Triumph only with true Grandeur ſhines,
Where godlike Courage, godlike Pity joins.
Cæſar, the eldeſt Favourite of War,
Took not more Pleaſure to ſubmit than ſpare:
And ſince in Battle you can greater be,
That over, be'nt leſs merciful than he.
Ignoble Spirits by Revenge are known;
And cruel Actions ſpoil the Conq'ror's Crown:
In future Hiſt'ries fill each mournful Page
With Tales of Blood, and Monuments of Rage:
And while his Annals are with Horror read,
Men curſe him living, and deteſt him dead.
Oh! do not fully with a ſanguine Dye,
(The fouleſt Stain) ſo fair a Memory!
Then, as you'll live the Glory of our Iſle,
And Fate on all your Expeditions ſmile;
So, when a noble Courſe you've bravely ran,
Die the beſt Soldier, and the happieſt Man.
None can the Turns of Providence foreſee,
Or what their own Cataſtrophe may be:
Therefore to Perſons lab'ring under Woe,
That Mercy they may want, ſhou'd always ſhew:
For, in the Chance of War, the ſlighteſt Thing
May loſe the Battle, or the Vict'ry bring.
And how would you that Gen'ral's Honour prize,
Should in cool Blood his Captive ſacrifice?
He that with rebel Arms to fight is led,
To Juſtice forfeits his opprobrious Head:
But 'tis unhappy *Charion*'s firſt Offence,
Seduc'd by ſome too plauſible Pretence,

To

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That

So, when you Inſtances of Mercy view,
They ſhould inſpire you with Compaſſion too:
For he that emulates the truly Brave,
Would always conquer, and ſhould always ſave.
  Here, interrupting, ſtern *Neronior* cry'd,
(Swell'd with Succeſs, and blubber'd up with Pride)
Madam, his Life depends upon my Will,
For ev'ry Rebel I can ſpare or kill.
I'll think of what you've ſaid: This Night return
At Ten; perhaps you'll have no Cauſe to mourn.
Go, ſee your Huſband; bid him not deſpair:
His Crime is great; but you are wond'rous fair.
  When anxious Miſeries the Soul amaze,
And dire Confuſion in the Spirits raiſe,
Upon the leaſt Appearance of Relief,
Our Hopes revive, and mitigate our Grief.
Impatience makes our Wiſhes earneſt grow,
Which, thro' falſe Optics, our Deliv'rance ſhew.
For, while we fancy Danger does appear
Moſt at a Diſtance, it is oft too near:
And many Times, ſecure from obvious Foes,
We fall into an Ambuſcade of Woes.
  Pleas'd with the falſe *Neronior*'s dark Reply,
I thought the End of all my Sorrows nigh;
And to the Main-guard haſten'd, where the Prey
Of this blood-thirſty Fiend in Durance lay.
When *Charion* ſaw me from his turfy Bed,
With Eagerneſs he rais'd his drooping Head:
Oh!

Oh! fly, my Dear, this guilty Place, he cry'd,
And in ſome diſtant Clime thy Virtue hide!
Here nothing but the fouleſt Dæmons dwell,
The Refuſe of the Damn'd, and Mob of Hell.
The Air they breathe is ev'ry Atom curſt:
There's no Degree of Ills; for all are worſt.
In Rapes and Murders they alone delight,
And Villanies of leſs Importance ſlight:
Act them indeed, but ſcorn they ſhould be nam'd;
For all their Glory's to be more than damn'd.
Neronior's Chief of this infernal Crew,
And ſeems to merit that high Station too:
Nothing but Rage and Luſt inſpire his Breaſt,
By *Aſmodai* and *Moloc* both poſſeſt.
When told you went to interceed for me,
It threw my Soul into an Agony:
Not that I would not for my Freedom give
What's requiſite, or do not wiſh to live;
But for my Safety I can ne'er be baſe,
Or buy a few ſhort Years with long Diſgrace:
Nor would I have your yet unſpotted Fame
For me expos'd to an eternal Shame.
With Ignominy to preſerve my Breath,
Is worſe, by infinite Degrees, than Death.
But, if I can't my Life with Honour ſave,
With Honour I'll deſcend into the Grave.
For tho' Revenge and Malice both combine,
(As both to fix my Ruin ſeem to join)
Yet, maugre all their Violence and Skill,
I can die juſt; and I'm reſolv'd I will.

But, What is Death, we ſo unwiſely fear?
An End of all our buſy Tumults here:
The equal Lot of Poverty and State,
Which all partake of by a certain Fate.
Whoe'er the Proſpect of Mankind ſurveys,
At divers Ages, and by divers Ways,
Will find them from this noiſy Scene retire;
Some the firſt Minute that they breathe, expire:
Others, perhaps, ſurvive to talk, and go;
But die, before they Good or Evil know.
Here one to Puberty arrives; and then
Returns lamented to the Duſt again:
Another there maintains a longer Strife
With all the pow'rful Enemies of Life;
Till, with Vexation tir'd, and threeſcore Years,
He drops into the Dark, and diſappears.
I'm young indeed, and might expect to ſee
Time's future long, and late Poſterity.
'Tis what with Reaſon I could wiſh to do,
If to be old, were to be happy too.
But ſince ſubſtantial Grief ſo ſoon deſtroys
The Guſt of all imaginary Joys,
Who would be too importunate to live,
Or more for Life, than it can merit, give?
Beyond the Grave ſtupendous Regions lie,
The boundleſs Realms of vaſt Eternity;
Where Minds, remov'd from earthly Bodies, dwell;
But who their Government or Laws can tell?

What's

What's their Employment till the final Doom,
And Time's eternal Period ſhall come?
Thus much the ſacred Oracles declare,
That all are bleſs'd, or miſerable, there:
Tho' if there's ſuch Variety of Fate,
None Good expire too ſoon, nor Bad too late.
For my own part, with Reſignation, ſtill
I can ſubmit to my Creator's Will:
Let Him recall the Breath from Him I drew,
When He thinks fit, and when He pleaſes too.
The Way of Dying is my leaſt Concern;
That will give no Diſturbance to my Urn.
If to the Seats of Happineſs I go,
There end all poſſible Returns of Woe:
And when to thoſe bleſt Manſions I arrive,
With Pity I'll behold thoſe that ſurvive.
Once more I beg, you'd from theſe Tents retreat,
And leave me to my Innocence and Fate.
Charion, ſaid I, Oh, do not urge my Flight!
I'll ſee th' Event of this important Night:
Some ſtrange Preſages in my Soul forebode
The worſt of Mis'ries, or the greateſt Good.
Few Hours will ſhew the utmoſt of my Doom;
A joyful Safety, or a peaceful Tomb.
If you miſcarry, I'm reſolv'd to try
If gracious Heav'n will ſuffer me to die:
For when you are to endleſs Raptures gone,
If I ſurvive, 'tis but to be undone.

Who will ſupport an injur'd Widow's Right,
From ſly Injuſtice, or oppreſſive Might?
Protect her Perſon, or her Cauſe defend?
She rarely wants a Foe, or finds a Friend.
I've no Diſtruſt of Providence; but ſtill,
'Tis beſt to go beyond the Reach of Ill:
And thoſe can have no Reaſon to repent,
Who, tho' they die betimes, die innocent.
But, to a World of everlaſting Bliſs
Why would you go, and leave me here in this?
'Tis a dark Paſſage; but our Foes ſhall view,
I'll die as calm, tho' not ſo brave, as you:
That my Behaviour to the laſt may prove,
Your Courage is not greater than my Love.
The Hour approach'd: As to *Neronior*'s Tent,
With trembling, but impatient Steps, I went,
A thouſand Horrors throng'd into my Breaſt,
By ſad Ideas and ſtrong Fears poſſeſt.
Where'er I paſs'd, the glaring Lights would ſhew
Freſh Objects of Deſpair, and Scenes of Woe.
Here, in a Croud of drunken Soldiers, ſtood
A wretched, poor, old Man, beſmear'd with Blood;
And, at his Feet, juſt thro' the Body run,
Struggling for Life, was laid his only Son;
By whoſe hard Labour he was daily fed,
Dividing ſtill, with pious Care, his Bread.
And while he mourn'd with Floods of aged Tears,
The ſole Support of his decrepid Years,

The

The barb'rous Mob, whoſe Rage no Limit knows,
With blaſphemous Deriſion, mock'd his Woes.
There, under a wide Oak, diſconſolate,
And drown'd in Tears, a mournful Widow ſate.
High in the Boughs the murder'd Father hung;
Beneath, the Children round the Mother clung:
They cry'd for Food, but 'twas without Relief;
For all they had to live upon, was Grief.
A Sorrow ſo intenſe, ſuch deep Deſpair,
No Creature, merely human, long could bear.
Firſt in her Arms her weeping Babes ſhe took,
And, with a Groan, did to her Huſband look;
Then lean'd her Head on theirs, and, ſighing, cry'd,
Pity me, Saviour of the World! and dy'd.
From this ſad Spectacle my Eyes I turn'd,
Where Sons their Fathers, Maids their Lovers, mourn'd;
Friends for their Friends, Siſters for Brothers, wept;
Pris'ners of War, in Chains, for Slaughter kept:
Each ev'ry Hour did the black Meſſage dread,
Which ſhould declare the Perſon lov'd was dead.
Then I beheld, with brutal Shouts of Mirth,
A comely Youth, and of no common Birth,
To Execution led; who hardly bore
The Wounds in Battle, he receiv'd before:
And, as he paſs'd, I heard him bravely cry,
I neither wiſh to live, nor fear to die.

At the curſt Tent arriv'd, without Delay,
They did me to the General convey:
Who thus began ——— ———
Madam, by freſh Intelligence, I find,
That *Charion*'s Treaſon's of the blackeſt Kind;
And my Commiſſion is expreſs, to ſpare
None that ſo deeply in Rebellion are.
New Meaſures therefore 'tis in vain to try;
No Pardon can be granted: He muſt die.
Muſt, or I hazard all; which yet I'd do,
To be oblig'd in one Requeſt by you:
And, maugre all the Dangers I foreſee,
Be *mine* this Night, I'll ſet your *Huſband* free.
Soldiers are rough, and cannot hope Succeſs
By ſupple Flatt'ry, and by ſoft Addreſs:
The pert, gay Coxcomb, by theſe little Arts,
Gains an Aſcendant o'er the Ladies Hearts:
But I can no ſuch whining Methods uſe;
Conſent, he *lives*; he *dies*, if you *refuſe*.
Amaz'd at this Demand; ſaid I, The Brave,
Upon ignoble Terms, diſdain to ſave:
They let their Captives ſtill with Honour live,
No more require, than what themſelves would give:
For, gen'rous Victors, as they ſcorn to do
Diſhoneſt Things, ſcorn to propoſe 'em too.
Mercy, the brighteſt Virtue of the Mind,
Should with no devious Appetite be join'd;
For if, when exercis'd, a Crime it coſt,
Th' intrinſic Luſtre of the Deed is loſt.

Great

Great Men their Actions of a Piece ſhould have;
Heroic all, and each entirely brave:
From the nice Rules of Honour none ſhould ſwerve;
Done, becauſe good, without a mean Reſerve.
The Crimes new charg'd upon th' unhappy Youth,
May have Revenge, and Malice, but no Truth.
Suppoſe the Accuſation juſtly brought,
And clearly prov'd to the minuteſt Thought;
Yet Mercy's next, to infinite abate,
Offences next, to infinitely great:
And 'tis the Glory of a noble Mind,
In full Forgiveneſs not to be confin'd.
Your Prince's Frowns, if you have Cauſe to fear,
This Act will more illuſtrious appear;
Tho' his Excuſe can never be withſtood,
Who diſobeys, but only to be good.
Perhaps the Hazard's more than you expreſs;
The Glory would be, were the Danger leſs.
For he that, to his Prejudice, will do
A noble Action, and a gen'rous too,
Deſerves to wear a more reſplendent Crown,
Than he that has a thouſand Battles won.
Do not invert Divine Compaſſion ſo,
As to be cruel, and no Mercy ſhew!
Of what Renown can ſuch an Action be,
Which *ſaves* my Huſband's Life, but *ruins* me?
Tho', if you finally reſolve to ſtand
Upon ſo vile, inglorious a Demand,

He muſt ſubmit: If 'tis my Fate to mourn
His Death, I'll bathe with virt'ous Tears his Urn.
Well, Madam, haughtily, *Neronior* cry'd,
Your Courage and your Virtue ſhall be try'd.
But to prevent all Proſpect of a Flight,
Some of my * *Lambs* ſhall be your Guard To-night:
By them, no doubt, you'll tenderly be us'd;
They ſeldom aſk a Favour that's refus'd:
Perhaps you'll find them ſo genteely bred,
They'll leave you but few virt'ous Tears to ſhed.
Surrounded with ſo innocent a Throng,
The Night muſt paſs delightfully along.
And, in the Morning, ſince you will not give
What I require, to let your Huſband live,
You ſhall behold him ſigh his lateſt Breath,
And gently ſwing into the Arms of Death.
His Fate he merits, as to Rebels due;
And yours will be as much deſerv'd by you.
Oh, *Celia*, think! ſo far as Thought can ſhew,
What Pangs of Grief, what Agonies of Woe,
At this dire Reſolution, ſeiz'd my Breaſt!
By all Things ſad and terrible poſſeſt.
In vain I wept, and 'twas in vain I pray'd;
For all my Pray'rs were to a Tyger made:

* *Kirke* uſed to call the moſt inhuman of his Soldiers, his *Lambs*.

A Tiger! worſe; for, 'tis beyond Diſpute,
No Fiend's ſo cruel as a reas'ning Brute.
Encompaſs'd thus, and hopeleſs of Relief,
With all the Squadrons of Deſpair and Grief;
Ruin —— it was not poſſible to ſhun:
What could I do? Oh! what would *you* have done?
The Hours that paſs'd, till the black Morn return'd,
With Tears of Blood ſhould be for ever mourn'd.
When, to involve me with conſummate Grief,
Beyond Expreſſion, and above Belief,
Madam, the Monſter cry'd, that you may find
I can be grateful to the Fair that's kind,
Step to the Door, I'll ſhew you ſuch a Sight,
Shall overwhelm your Spirits with Delight.
Does not that Wretch, who would dethrone his King,
Become the Gibbet, and adorn the String?
You need not now an injur'd Huſband dread;
Living he might, he'll not upbraid you dead.
'Twas for your Sake I ſeiz'd upon his Life;
He would, perhaps, have ſcorn'd ſo chaſte a Wife.
And, Madam, you'll excuſe the Zeal I ſhew,
To keep that ſecret none alive ſhould know.
Curs'd of all Creatures! for, compar'd with thee,
The Dev'ls, ſaid I, are dull in Cruelty.
Oh! may that Tongue eternal Vipers breed,
And, waſteleſs, their eternal Hunger feed:

In Fires too hot for Salamanders dwell,
The burning Earneſt of a hotter Hell!
May that vile Lump of execrable Luſt
Corrupt alive, and rot into the Duſt!
May'ſt thou, deſpairing, at the Point of Death,
With Oaths and Blaſphemies, reſign thy Breath;
And the worſt Torments that the Damn'd ſhould ſhare,
In thine own Perſon all united bear!
Oh, *Celia!* Oh, my Friend! what Age can ſhew
Sorrows like mine, ſo exquiſite a Woe?
Indeed it does not infinite appear,
Becauſe it can't be everlaſting here:
But 'tis ſo vaſt, that it can ne'er increaſe,
And ſo confirm'd, it never can be leſs.

PHILANDER *and* CYDIPPE.

A TALE.

By Mr. COOKE.

IN that fair Iſle, the Garden of the Main,
Where *Love* extended once his eaſy Reign,
And where his Queen her Seat of Empire choſe,
And to the fabled Goddeſs Temples roſe,

In

In *Cyprus* liv'd, long ſince, a virtuous Pair,
The brave *Philander*, and *Cydippe* fair;
Of whom the Muſe records the mutual Flame,
The patient Hero, and the conſtant Dame.
Young Men, and Virgins, to my Tale draw near,
Attend a Song fit for a veſtal Ear;
Approach, ye Parents, who, for ſordid Gain,
Would to deteſted Bands the Fair conſtrain;
Approach, and from *Agenor*'s Story ſee
How curs'd the Nuptials, where not Hearts agree:
And thou, fair * *Annandale*, a-while attend,
Thou ſweet Inſpirer, and the Poet's Friend;
Where Beauty, like thy own, and Virtue ſhine,
Indulge the Muſe, and make the Poem thine.
Two Friends in *Cyprus* liv'd, *Philander* one,
The other *Dion*, rich *Agenor*'s Son;
Their Friendſhip early in their Youth began,
Encreaſing daily as they roſe to Man;
Their blooming Virtues had to each their Charms,
Young Heroes both renown'd in Feats of Arms:
And now the Labours of the Battle end,
Dion, but half alive without his Friend,
Invites him to his Father's Houſe a Gueſt;
Philander, near the Partner of his Breaſt,
Had all he wiſh'd; each in the other bleſs'd.
Tho' in *Philander*'s Heart, large *Dion*'s Share,
He was not long without a Rival there.

* *Charlotte*, Marchioneſs of *Annandale*.

His

His Siſter in his Friend has rais'd a Flame,
A Virgin chaſte, and yet a *Cyprian* Dame,
Cydippe, carv'd in ev'ry myrtle Grove,
And call'd the Beauty of the Land of Love.

His Paſſion long the Warrior had conceal'd,
Nor to the Maid herſelf his Mind reveal'd:
The niceſt Thoughts, which Honour could inſpire,
The Lover acts by, and corrects his Fire;
Unjuſt he thinks, ſhould not the Sire approve,
To tempt a virgin Heart by Force of Love.
Her Brother, and his Friend, the beſt, he choſe,
To whom he ſhould the Secret firſt diſcloſe.
With tendereſt Concern the Brother heard,
But from his Father's Temper much he fear'd,
Raſh, covetous, and teſty, from his Youth,
And always headſtrong, tho' oppos'd by Truth;
His Friend by Nature mild, of gentleſt Kind,
And only rich, there truly rich, in Mind.

Dion, as Prudence taught, *Philander* leaves,
To try the Fair, how ſhe his Love receives.
Cydippe penſive and alone he found,
With her bright Eyes fix'd ſtedfaſt on the Ground;
On her right Hand her roſy Cheek was lay'd,
All in the Poſture of a love-ſick Maid:
Before the Likeneſs of the *Cyprian* Queen,
So thoughtful was the Maid, he ſtood unſeen.
From ev'ry Circumſtance he judg'd her Mind,
And, long before he heard, her Caſe divin'd.

He

He nam'd his Friend, and gently rais'd her Head,
At which a Bluſh of Love her Cheeks o'erſpread:
When of his Viſit he the Cauſe had told,
Theſe Words the Purport of her Mind unfold:
Think you too early I my Heart incline
To Love, forgive me, for the Cauſe is thine;
Oft' as I've heard you, eager to commend,
Dwell on the Virtues of your abſent Friend,
I wiſh'd, whene'er it is ordain'd by Fate
I ſhould exchange in Life my virgin State,
Kind Heav'n, in Pity to my Vows, may give
Such Virtues to the Man with whom I live;
But, ſince *Philander* to our Father came,
I feel the Dawnings of a virgin Flame:
Tho' blind to what Degree my Lot is caſt,
I hope my early Love will be my laſt.
The Brother heard with Pleaſure, and approv'd,
Each worthy by the other to be lov'd,
Then, haſting firſt his faithful Friend to cheer,
Told him ſhe liſten'd with a willing Ear;
From him in Tranſport to his Sire he ran,
To intercede for the deſerving Man.
He urg'd his Virtues, and his Form divine,
How high deſcended of a noble Line,
In Council wiſe a ſinking Land to ſave,
In War the braveſt, and among the Brave.

The

The Father heard, ſilent a-while he ſtood,
Smiling within at Virtue, and at Blood:
He, long before reſolv'd, had doom'd the Fair
To proud *Agathocles*, a wealthy Heir;
Whoſe Sire, immenſely rich in Land and Gold,
In Bribes, in Perjury, in Rapine, old,
Had all bequeath'd, when he his Race had run,
To the dear Likeneſs of himſelf, his Son.
While *Dion* pleads, and from a Soul ſincere,
The Cauſe of Love, before a Judge ſevere,
The Lovers, conſcious of their mutual Flame,
By Chance, together opportunely came:
Philander view'd her, and approach'd with Awe;
Love preſs'd him on, nor could the Nymph withdraw:
And now the ſoft Exchange of Hearts began,
Betwixt the fair one and the godlike Man:
The Victors both an equal Triumph ſhare,
The conquer'd Hero, and the vanquiſh'd Fair.
While Scenes of Paradiſe their Thoughts employ,
While from their Breaſts ariſe the Sighs of Joy,
While from their Lips ſuch tender Accents flow,
As only Lovers ſpeak, or wiſh to know,
Agenor's Mandate calls the Fair away,
And at his Houſe forbids *Philander*'s Stay:
And next for proud *Agathocles* he ſends,
And to his Care the wretched Fair commends.
My future Son, he cry'd, and gave her Hand,
Take this an Earneſt of a ſtricter Band.

Then

Then turning to the Maid, a Parent's Curſe
Be thine, and more, if ought on Earth be worſe,
When you refuſe in *Hymen*'s Rites to join
With him thy Father has allotted thine.
He ended thus, and with a Brow ſevere.
The Virgin aw'd by Duty and by Fear,
Firſt turn'd, and wip'd away the falling Tear,
And then reply'd: To him who gave me Breath,
The Hour my Duty ceaſes, welcome Death.
The Sire, diſpleas'd not with her Words, retir'd:
The human Brute, who view'd her Charms unfir'd,
By native Dulneſs free from Love's ſoft Pow'r,
Lik'd, or diſlik'd, according to the Dow'r.
While poor *Cydippe*, in the dangerous State,
To loſe her Love, or meet a Parent's Hate,
Seeks by her Vows, to her diſtracting Grief,
From the fair Goddeſs of the Iſle, Relief;
Dion, in Pity to their virtuous Love,
Himſelf a Brother, and a Friend, to prove,
Contrives their Meeting in a neighb'ring Grove.
He ſtill the happy Moment hopes to find,
To turn to Reaſon old *Agenor*'s Mind;
Or ſhould the Sire perſiſt, he wiſely knew,
To Reaſon only was Obedience due.
The Scene to which the faithful Pair retreat,
At a ſmall Diſtance from *Agenor*'s Seat,
With Myrtle, and with fragrant Jeſs'mine blows,
And ſheds the Sweetneſs of the damaſk Roſe;
And

And there the Orange, of a golden Hue,
Breathes to the Smell, and glitters to the View;
The Sweets of Vi'lets riſe where'er they rove:
Hence it is call'd the aromatic Grove.
While thro' the Boughs the winged Natives fly
Warbling, a ſilver Stream runs murm'ring by.
Hither, with Virtue arm'd, the Lovers came,
To ſigh their mutual and unſpotted Flame;
But they enjoy'd not long the bliſsful State,
By Jealouſy purſu'd, and envious Hate.
Agathocles felt not of Love the Pow'r,
But languiſh'd daily for the promis'd Dow'r;
Hence the dire Rancour of his Heart began
To him he fear'd, in Love, the happier Man.
Spies he employ'd the Lovers Steps to trace;
Th' appointed Hour he knew, and uſual Place.
In an ill-fated Day *Philander* led
The virgin Charmer to the vi'let Bed;
As, former Vows repeated, freſh they made,
In Thought ſecure beneath the orange Shade,
An Arrow flew, and from a Hand unſeen,
And crimſon'd with the Lover's Blood the Green.
Cydippe fill'd with Shrieks the neighb'ring Plains,
And gather'd to the Place the Nymphs and Swains;
The Nymphs and Swains around aſtoniſh'd ſtand;
They know the Youth, and curſe the barb'rous Hand:
They know, and much lament, the lovely Pair,
The brave *Philander* and *Cydippe* fair.

The

The Hero to their Shed the Swains convey'd,
The Nymphs with Tears ſupport the fainting Maid.
Soon to her Father's Ears the Rumour flies,
That by a Shaft unknown *Philander* dies:
He hopes, and, cruel! thence enjoys the Smart,
That Time will raſe his Image from her Heart.
Now of her Fate the wretched Maid complains,
And feels of hopeleſs Love the ſharpeſt Pains;
A thouſand Thoughts againſt her Peace conſpire,
Croud in her Mind, as Fuel feeds the Fire;
The Grove, the orange Shade, the vi'let Bed,
The native Blue now bluſhing ſtain'd with Red:
Now the pale Ghoſt ſcreaming forſakes the Day;
She ſickens at the Thought, and dies away.
Soon as the firſt, the diſmal, Shock was o'er,
And ſhe was ſaid to live, and ſcarcely more,
Her Sire, affecting now the tender Man,
Thus from the Softneſs of his Heart began;
Daughter, if 'tis your Wiſh that Name ſhould laſt,
Repent, as I forgive, thy Follies paſs'd;
Prepare thyſelf, ſince I have fix'd the Hour
When I ſhall wed thee with an ample Dow'r:
Ten Days I grant thee more, from hence their Date:
I wait no Anſwer; be my Will thy Fate.
Dion, who knew with Grief th' appointed Day,
Advis'd the lovely Mourner to obey,

Till

Till the laſt Moment bad her not deſpair,
But to the Pow'rs divine prefer the Pray'r,
The Pow'rs divine her Sorrows might relieve,
Nor unrewarded let her Virtue grieve:
Doubt not, my Fair, he cry'd, an Hour to find
Both to your Virtue, and your Wiſhes, kind.
He ended here, but had he told her more,
Her Virgin Blood had never ſtain'd the Floor,
With Patience ſhe had ſtaid till he had us'd
The Means to reſcue Innocence abus'd.

The Maid, to Duty and to Love reſign'd,
Conceals in Silence her diſtracted Mind:
Fix'd her Reſolves as Fate, ſhe waits the Day,
Nor leſs her Looks, till then, her Heart betray:
And when the much expected Sun aroſe,
That ſaw the End, *Cydippe*, of thy Woes,
Agathocles appear'd, in all his Pride,
To take Poſſeſſion of the promis'd Bride.
Her Father, Brother, both attend the Maid,
The Nymph proceeds in virgin White array'd.
The Temple old *Agenor*, ſtrange to tell!
To enter thrice aſſay'd, and thrice he fell;
Hence *Dion* would foreſee th' approaching Fate,
And warn his Father e're it was too late;
But all in vain; he will no longer ſtay,
But ſee the Rites perform'd without Delay:
And now the wretched Bride, the conſtant Fair,
Of Hope itſelf bereft, in wild Deſpair,
A Poniard drew, conceal'd beneath her Veſt,
And, turning to her Father, pierc'd her Breaſt:

The

The Brother, who already felt the Smart,
The Weapon ſeiz'd before it reach'd her Heart:
Juſt at the Entrance of the Temple ſtand
The brave *Philander* and his armed Band,
To bear away, each ſtedfaſt in his Cauſe,
His own by plighted Vows, and Nature's Laws:
Shrieks echo'd from within, at which he flew
Quick to the Altar, where he bled anew;
The Wound he ſuffer'd from his Rival's Dart
Was ſlight, compar'd to this, that pierc'd his Heart.
As in her Lover's Arms *Cydippe* lay,
Charm'd by his Voice again to view the Day,
In his Deſigns, the ſtupid Bridegroom, foil'd,
Mutt'ring retir'd, as from a Bargain ſpoil'd.
Agenor feels inutterable Woes:
Now his wrong Judgment in the Brute he choſe,
Philander's Virtues, and reported Death,
In which he joy'd, his Child thought void of Breath,
Accuſe his Soul; his ſilver Locks he tore,
And throw'd his aged Breaſt againſt the Floor:
Deeply he groan'd his laſt, and roſe no more.
The pious Tear the Friend and Brother ſhed;
And they, whom once he wrong'd, bewail'd him dead;
With Rev'rence they perform his Obſequies,
And bear their Sorrows as beſeem the Wiſe.

Soon

Soon as the Maid was from her Wound reſtor'd,
Her all ſhe yielded to her plighted Lord:
Thrice twenty Seaſons bleſs'd the virtuous Pair,
The brave *Philander*, and *Cydippe* fair.

COLINETTA.

A PASTORAL.

'TWAS when the Fields had ſhed their golden Grain,
And burning Suns had ſear'd the Ruſſet-Plain;
No more the Roſe nor Hyacinth were ſeen,
Nor yellow Cowſlip on the tufted Green:
But the rude Thiſtle rear'd its hoary Crown,
And the ripe Nettle ſhew'd an irkſome Brown.
In mournful Plight the tarniſh'd Groves appear,
And Nature weeps for the declining Year.
The Sun too quickly reach'd the weſtern Sky,
And riſing Vapours hid his ev'ning Eye:
Autumnal Threads around the Branches flew,
While the dry Stubble drank the falling Dew.
In this ſick Seaſon, at the Cloſe of Day,
On *Lydia*'s Lap pale *Colinetta* lay;
Whoſe ſallow Cheeks had loſt their roſy Dye,
The Sparkles languiſh'd in her cloſing Eye.
Parch'd were thoſe Lips whence Muſic us'd to flow,
Nor more the Flute her weary Fingers know,
Yet

Yet thrice to raiſe her feeble Voice ſhe try'd,
Thrice on her Tongue the fainting Numbers dy'd:
At laſt reviv'd, on *Lydia*'s Neck ſhe hung,
And, like the Swan, expiring thus ſhe ſung:

Farewel, ye Foreſts and delightful Hills,
Ye flow'ry Meadows, and ye chryſtal Rills,
Ye friendly Groves to whom we us'd to run,
And beg a Shelter from the burning Sun.
Thoſe blaſted Shades all mournful now I ſee,
Who droop their Heads as tho' they wept for me.
The penſive Linnet has forgot to ſing;
The Lark is ſilent till returning Spring.
The Spring ſhall all thoſe wonted Charms reſtore,
Which *Colinetta* muſt behold no more.

Farewel, ye Fields; my native Fields adieu;
Whoſe fertile Lays my early Labours knew;
Where, when an Infant, I was wont to ſtray,
And gather King-cups at the cloſing Day.
How oft has *Lydia* told a mournful Tale,
By the clear Lake that ſhines in yonder Vale;
When ſhe had done, I ſung a chearful Lay,
While the glad Goldfinch liſten'd on the Spray;
Lur'd by my Song each jolly Swain drew near,
And roſy Virgins throng'd around to hear;
Farewell, ye Swains; ye roſy Nymphs, adieu:
Though I, unwilling, leave the Streams and you,
Still may ſoft Muſic bleſs your happy Shore,
But *Colinetta* you muſt hear no more.

O *Lydia*, thou, (if wayward Tongues ſhould blame
My Life, and blot a harmleſs Maiden's Name)
Tell them if e'er I found a ſtraggling Ewe,
Altho' the Owner's Name I hardly knew;
I fed it kindly with my Father's Hay,
And gave it Shelter at the cloſing Day:
I never ſtole young Pigeons from their Dams,
Nor from their Paſture drove my Neighbours Lambs:
Nor ſet my Dog to hunt their Flocks away,
That mine might graze upon the vacant Lay.
When *Phillida* by dancing won the Prize,
Or *Colin* prais'd young *Mariana*'s Eyes;
When *Damon* wedded *Urs'la* of the Grange,
My Cheek with Envy ne'er was ſeen to change:
Whene'er I ſaw *Aminda* croſs the Plain,
Or walk the Foreſt with her darling Swain,
I never whiſper'd to a Stander-by,
But hated Scandal, and abhorr'd a Lye.
On *Sundays* I (as Sifter *Sue* can tell)
Was always ready for the Sermon-Bell:
I honour'd both the Teacher and the Day;
Nor us'd to giggle when he bid me pray:
Then ſure for me there's ſomething good in ſtore,
When *Colinetta* ſhall be ſeen no more.

When I am gone, I leave to Sifter *Sue*
My Gown of Jerſey, and my Aprons blue.
My ſtudded Sheep-hook *Phillida* may take,
Likewiſe my Hay-fork and my hazle Rake:

My

My hoarded Apples and my Winter Pears
Be thine, O *Lydia*, to reward thy Cares.
Theſe Nuts that late were pluck'd from yonder Tree,
And this Straw-baſket, I bequeath to thee:
That Baſket did theſe dying Fingers weave:
My boxen Flute to *Corydon* I leave,
So ſhall it charm the liſt'ning Nymphs around,
For none like him can make it ſweetly ſound.
In our Churchyard there grows a ſpreading Yew,
Whoſe dark green Leaves diſtil a baneful Dew:
Be thoſe ſad Branches o'er my Grave reclin'd,
And let theſe Words be graven on the Rind:
" Mark, gentle Reader,—— Underneath this
" Tree,
" There ſleeps a Maid, old *Simon*'s Daughter
" ſhe;
" Thou too, perhaps, e'er many Weeks be o'er,
" Like *Colinetta*, ſhalt be ſeen no more."
Here ends the Maid — for now the Seal of Death
Clos'd her pale Lips and ſtopp'd her roſy Breath.
Her ſinking Eye-balls took their long Adieu,
And with a Sigh her harmleſs Spirit flew.

The MISERABLE GLUTTON; *or, the* Pleaſures *of* Senſe, *dependent on* Virtue.

A TALE.

By Mr. H. GREVILLE.

AS *Carlos* gay, a youthful Sage,
Who reads of Men the living Page,
And jocund ſmiles, and jeſts, and ſings,
And laughs at Knaves, and pities Kings,
At *White*'s one Winter's Evening ſat,
And Morals mixt with various Chat,
More bold than wiſe, a thoughtleſs Rake
Took Snuff, and thus elated ſpake:
Pox take the Whims of canting Knaves,
Whoſe ſpecious Talk wou'd make us Slaves—
Themſelves (in public ſomething ſhy)
Love ſenſual Joys as well as I:
I, who the Maſk have thrown aſide,
And all their threaten'd Pains defy'd,
Aſk but the thrilling Joys of Senſe,
To others drop the vain Pretence.
He ceas'd, and roſe from where he ſat,
Took Snuff again, and cock'd his Hat.
Our Friend, who ſcorn'd to fear or flatter,
Cry'd, Sir, you quite miſtake the Matter;

You

You ſeem'd to ſay (tho' much to blame)
Exceſs and *Pleaſure* is the ſame;
When 'tis an eaſy Taſk to ſhow
They differ wide as Friend and Foe.
The *firſt* alone our Cenſure draws,
The *laſt* inliſts in Virtue's Cauſe;
Not *ſenſual* Bliſs can Vice beſtow,
Tho' this the meaneſt known below.
But, if to pleaſe you I ſhou'd own
The Joys of Senſe are Joys alone;
What if I prove it full and plain
That *Virtue* theſe will ſureſt gain?
"I'd then (reply'd the Rake, and ſwore)
"Be ſtrictly virtuous evermore"——
The Joys of *Taſte* they both agree
The Preacher's preſent Theme ſhould be.
This fix'd—— The gay Philoſopher began
A Tale to pleaſe and mend the Man.
Some threeſcore Years ago, or more,
An *Heir* poſſeſs'd a *Miſer*'s Store,
Who, living, ne'er beſtow'd one Doit
To teach his Child to think aright:
He learnt to ſpell, as ſome have ſaid,
But none pretend he ever read.
This Dunce— (I'm loth to tell ye) too,
Of Pleaſure, Sir, thought juſt like you:
Rejoic'd to find his Father dead,
'Till then on thrifty Viands fed;
Three Cooks he hires, whoſe dext'rous Skill
Could teach the Staff of Life to kill.

They dreſs'd him Food a thouſand Ways,
And much their Pay, and much their Praiſe.
Unnumber'd Diſhes crown'd his Board,
With ev'ry nameleſs Kickſhaw ſtor'd.
He eats—and longs to eat again,
But ſighs for Appetite in vain:
From Morn to Night, or Meat or Drink,
Perpetual fill'd up ev'ry Chink——
Sure this is Bliſs, he ſtill believes
In that, which ſtill his Hope deceives.
He reliſh'd nothing—— ſickly grew,
Yet longs to taſte of ſomething new.——
It chanc'd in this diſaſtrous Caſe,
One Morn betimes he join'd the Chace;
Far o'er the diſtant Lawns they fly,
And ſoon more diſtant Lawns are nigh.
A Foreſt next before 'em lay,
He left behind, miſtook his Way;
Alone he long bewilder'd rode,
And found a Peaſant's poor Abode.
But Faſting kept from Six to Four,
Felt Hunger, long unfelt before——
The friendly Swain this Want ſupply'd,
And *Joan* ſome Eggs and Bacon fry'd.
Not dainty now, the 'Squire in Haſte
Fell to, and prais'd their ſav'ry Taſte.
Nay, ſwore his Meal had ſuch a Goût
He ne'er in Tarts and Oglio's knew.
Rejoic'd to think he'd found a Diſh,
Which crown'd his long unanſwer'd Wiſh,

With

With Gold his thankful Hoſt he paid,
Who guides him back from whence he ſtray'd.
But e're they part (ſo well he din'd)
Th' obſequious Swain the 'Squire enjoin'd,
Next Day, to ſend him Home a Stock
Of thoſe fine Eggs, that charming Hock.
The Cargo comes, which when he ſaw,
He ſmil'd with Joy, *and bleſt his Maw.*
If theſe at Courſe the third were brought,
Their Pow'r wou'd raiſe the Feaſt, he thought.
Next Day, obedient to his Word,
The Diſh appear'd at Courſe the third:
But Matters now were alter'd quite,
In Bed till Noon he ſtretch'd the Night.
Took Chocolate at ev'ry Doſe,
And juſt at Twelve his Worſhip roſe:
Then eat a Toaſt, and ſip'd Bohea
Till One, and ſat to dine at Three;
And having taſted ſome half-ſcore
Of coſtly Things he loath'd before,
He hop'd his Diſh of ſav'ry Meat
Wou'd prove that ſtill, 'twas *Bliſs* to eat.
But ah! he finds, like all the reſt,
Theſe Eggs were taſteleſs Things at beſt.
This Bacon not a Dog could touch,
So rank—— he never taſted ſuch.
He ſends expreſs to fetch the Clown,
And thus accoſts him with a Frown:
" Theſe Eggs, this Bacon, that you ſent,
" For Chriſtian's Food were never meant:

" As ſoon I'll think the Moon's a Cheeſe,
" As thoſe you dreſs'd, the ſame with theſe.
" I little thought"—— Sir, ſays the Peaſant,
I'm glad your Worſhip is ſo pleaſant.
You joke, I'm ſure—for I can ſwear,
The ſame the Fowls that laid 'em are;
And know as well that all the Bacon,
From one, the ſelf-ſame Hog, was taken.
The Air, indeed, about our Green,
Is known to make the Stomach keen.
" Is that the Caſe?"—— the 'Squire reply'd,
" That Air ſhall be directly try'd:"
He gives Command—a Lodging's hir'd,
And down he goes, with Hope inſpir'd;
And takes his Cooks—a fav'rite Train!
But ſtill they ply their Art in vain.
Perhaps 'twas Riding did the Feat——
He rides, but ſtill he cannot eat.
At laſt a Friend, to Phyſic bred,
Perceiv'd his Caſe—and thus he ſaid:
" Dear Sir—I've long employ'd my Mind,
" The Cauſe of your Complaint to find;
" And, by my Art, at laſt am ſure,
" A Charm alone muſt work the Cure.
" Be rul'd by me, you ſoon ſhall eat,
" With hearty Goût, the plaineſt Meat."
The 'Squire conſents—the Doctor ſtraight
Preſcribes this ſimple cheap Receipt.
A Pint of Milk, each riſing Morn,
Procure from Cow of ſable Horn:

Shake

Shake in three Drops of Morning Dew,
From Twig of ever verdant Yew;
It muſt by your own Hand be done,
Your Face turn'd Weſtward from the Sun.
With this, ere half an Hour is paſt,
Well crumb'd with Biſcuit, break your Faſt.
Which done, from Food (or all is vain)
For twice three Hours and one abſtain.
Then dine on one ſubſtantial Diſh,
(If plainly dreſs'd) of Fleſh or Fiſh:
Nor needs it that you be deny'd
A Pudding or a Tart beſide.
I'll ſtake my Life, this Courſe purſue,
And none ſhall eat with higher Goût.
Grave look'd the Doctor as he ſpake,
The 'Squire concludes th' Advice to take.
Betimes he roſe to ſhake the Yew,
Before the Sun exhal'd the Dew;
Then took the ſalutary Doſe,
His other Orders follow'd cloſe;
And, cheated into Temp'rance, found
The Bliſs his former Lux'ry drown'd.
Yet ſtill he long'd for ſomething more,
And grudg'd to give his Dainties o'er——
He found his Cure compleat, and thence,
To change his Breakfaſt, form'd Pretence:
Next adds a Diſh or two at Noon,
And reach'd his uſual Number ſoon.
For what! ſhould he, with Thouſands Ten
Per Annum, eat like other Men!

It muſt not be, his Worſhip thought,
So liv'd as he opin'd he ought.
Relaps'd— and, ere the Year was out,
Became immortal— by the Gout——
See then the Joy which Vice pretends her own,
Fade at her Touch, by Virtue nurs'd alone.
Virtue— whoſe Steps the truly wiſe attend,
Sure Guide to Bliſs, a never-failing Friend.
Each Step from Virtue is a Step to Pain,
Thus *Paul* affirms, "That Godlineſs is Gain."
Howe'er diſtinguiſh'd, and howe'er diſguis'd,
Virtue, the Source of Bliſs, is known and priz'd—
Not her's the ſilent ſolitary Cell,
Where uſeleſs Men in dull Inaction dwell:
Not her's the Zealot's voluntary Woe,
Who dreams that Heaven abhors its Works below.
Or rueful Viſage, or dejected Air,
Or broken Slumber, or the Midnight Prayer:
Eternal Smiles adorn her chearful Face,
And Peace and Charity's immortal Grace—
Sneer on ye Foplings— but remember *this*;
The Foes of *Virtue* are the Foes of *Bliſs*.

The UNHAPPY DEBAUCHEE; *the Sequel to the* Miſerable Glutton.

A TALE.

OUR *Smart*, of late ſo bold ſo gay,
Had liſten'd half his Airs away;
And thus, in milder Tone, expreſt
The Tenor of his alter'd Breaſt:
" Inform'd, convinc'd, corrected too—
" Tho' keen your Words, your Theme purſue,
" Prove (that no Doubt may yet remain)
" Love's ſweeteſt Joys the *Virtuous* gain;
" Tell me, if grateful Change beſtows
" No ſprightlier Joys than Marriage knows—
" Can Love, the *cordial Drop of Life*,
" Be taſted, when allay'd with Wife?—
" Or does your nobler Scheme admit
" (For you with Judgment mingle Wit)
" That Marriage is the Prieſt's Device,
" Or took from Politics its Riſe?
" Speak frankly, for I long to ſee
" This knotty Point from Error free."
Pleas'd with the Theme, an ardent Red
O'er *Carlos'* youthful Cheeks was ſpread;
And thus impatient of Delay,
He gave his gen'rous Purpoſe Way:
If Marriage Law, that cenſur'd Band,
The Prieſt or Politician plann'd;
I'll not enquire, but truſt to ſhow,
Did thoughtleſs Men their Intereſt know,

Without that Law's compulſive Force,
They'd take one faithful Fair of Courſe.
For this a moral Tale I chuſe,
As told by *Greville*'s fabling Muſe,
Who ſays, (but Poets often dream)
That Love himſelf ſupply'd the Theme:
To Love his choſen Hours belong,
And Rapture thus preludes his Song.
'Say, blooming God of chaſte Deſire,
'On whom deſcends thy ſacred Fire?
'Oh! teach my Pen, with Skill divine,
'To draw the nice dividing Line
'Between thy gen'rous ſocial Flame,
'And that which baſely ſteals the Name—
'Thyſelf unknown, unknown thy Bliſs,
'To him who ruins with a Kiſs:
'Thy Joy from Joy imparted flows,
'Far from *his* Heart, who ſcatters Woes!
'Whoſe Love is Hate in deep Diſguiſe;
'Whoſe Bliſs, what none but Fools can
'prize—
'But hark—my Pray'r is heard above,
'And thus replies the God of Love;
'Nor myſtic Phraſe in *Delphic* Strain
'Affects—his Tale is ſimple, plain.'——
"A Youth, with Wit and Senſe endow'd,
"By Fortune rais'd above the Croud;
"As yet a Rebel to *my* Sway——
"His Miſtreſs changing with the Day,

"Pur-

" Purſu'd a Bliſs he long'd to find,
" Thro' all the worſt of Womankind:
" If then Variety could bleſs,
" 'Tis ſure he taſted Happineſs.
" But ſtill, review'd by mental Sight,
" He loath'd the Follies of the Night;
" Whom late he circled with his Arms,
" By Mem'ry view'd, no longer Charms:
" His Time, Diſguſt and Madneſs ſhare,
" *No* Woman now, now *all* are fair.
" His cooler Thoughts, by this Purſuit,
" Perceiv'd the Man debas'd to Brute.
" He own'd, the Pain Reflection brought,
" Surpaſs'd the fleeting Joys he caught;
" And found, his nobler Part the Soul,
" Thoſe Joys it ſhould improve, controul;
" A Loſer he, by all that Heav'n
" More than to Beaſt to Man has giv'n;
" The reas'ning, the reflecting Art,
" The Pow'rs that grace his better Part;
" Till, ſo I will'd (ye Rakes beware,
" And ſhun the Fate he liv'd to bear)
" His Heart a faithleſs Wanton ſtole,
" He's now a Lover from his Soul.
" The ſenſual Bliſs (his All before)
" Was trivial now, he ſighs for more;
" For tender Sentiments enquires,
" And Thoughts that glow'd with purer Fires,
" The mingled Wiſh, the mutual Truſt
" Of Love that's delicately juſt;

" For theſe he ſought, but ſought in vain,
" She thus reply'd, and mock'd his Pain."
" Ceaſe thus to feign what Women feel,
" The Breaſts of faithleſs Men are Steel;
" That thus I've lov'd and love, is true,
" But hate the treach'rous Object too.
" The Man yet lives who whiſper'd oft,
" The Tales you tell, and ſigh'd as ſoft;
" By him deceiv'd, deſpis'd, undone,
" I learnt that Men ne'er fix'd to one:
" Eternal Love he vow'd, and you
" Eternal Love will promiſe too,
" Will wed, perhaps, and doat a while,
" Then loath and ſcorn, upbraid with Guile;
" As endleſs Whim and Caprice lead,
" And make me thus a Wretch indeed.
" Love like a Man, without a Maſk,
" An Hour— nor more of Woman aſk:
" When ſportive Dalliance you deſign,
" I am, and all my Charms are thine;
" But never dream thy Slave I'll be,
" Tho' loſt, I will at leaſt be free—
" With thoſe who ſmile, I'll ſmile as gay,
" From thoſe who frown, I'll turn away.
" Be wiſe, and own whom Man deceiv'd,
" Is worthy ſtill to be believ'd.—
" Stung to the Heart with jealous Rage,
" Which Thought could never yet aſſwage;
" He thus (for Love with Truth inſpires)
" Condemn'd the Rage of lawleſs Fires.

" Ac-

" Accurs'd the Wretch to Love unknown,
" (For Love makes others Good our own,
" Appropriates all the Pains and Cares,
" Its darling Object knows or bears)
" Who firſt, from Virtue's Path betray'd,
" Her flow'ry Path! the truſting Maid;
" Of whoſe few Faults 'twas then the worſt
" What ſeem'd a Lover's Voice to truſt:
" That, ſtrongly urg'd, ſhe ſtole one Night
" Of Marriage Bliſs before the Rite;
" And deem'd his Words in Jeſt no more,
" When to fulfil that Rite he ſwore.
" He who deſpoil'd a Virgin's Mind
" Of all that's modeſt, gentle, kind,
" And left inſtead, with wild Deſpair,
" Sad Gueſts! the Fury Paſſions, there;
" Her Joy and mine, to Age from Youth,
" The ſpotleſs Wiſh, the ſpotleſs Truth,
" I mourn beyond Retrieve deſtroy'd;
" Which not the Thief himſelf enjoy'd.
" So the mad Rout of hoſtile Bands,
" With Ruin blaſt the conquer'd Lands;
" Uncheck'd, indulge a furious Joy,
" And what they can't poſſeſs, deſtroy.
" And thus the fertile Banks of *Nile*
" Were once th' inſiduous *Locuſt*'s Spoil;
" The Land *before* as *Eden* fair,
" *Behind*, a Deſart, waſte and bare.
" Some Eaſe this keen Invective gave,
" Yet ſtill to hopeleſs Love a Slave;

" His

" His Wiſh no other Object found,
" Where Wealth endow'd, or Beauty crown'd,
" Too wiſe to court the Wanton more,
" Too weak to give his Paſſion o'er,
" To foreign Wars he frantic flew,
" Bade Peace, and Reſt, and Friends, Adieu;
" Where deſperate with the Brave he vy'd,
" The Wound he ſought he found, and dy'd."
See then the Weight in *Virtue*'s Scale,
And let me thus apply the Tale:
'Till Love beſtows the Bleſſings of his Reign,
In varied Beauty, Bliſs we ſeek in vain;
But when he fills th' irradiated Breaſt,
To one we fix, regardleſs of the reſt.
The Joy that ſmiling Virtue owns, ſecure
A Joy ſublime, and permanent, and ſure.——
See and confeſs, to hood-wink'd Folly kind,
Heav'n's friendly Laws were made to lead the Blind:
And thoſe who ſee, were every Law to ceaſe,
Wou'd tread the Path, thoſe Laws preſcribe, to Peace;
To Bliſs! that Bliſs which wretched Wand'rers loſe,
Who, raſhly bold, thoſe faithful Guides refuſe.

ROBIN.

ROBIN.

A Pastoral Elegy.

By Capt. John Dobson.

DOWN by the Brook which glides thro' yonder Vale,
His Hair all matted, and his Cheeks all pale,
Robin, ſad Swain! by Love and Sorrow pain'd,
Of ſlighted Vows, and *Suſan*, thus complain'd.
Hear me, ye Groves, who ſaw me bleſt ſo late;
Echo, ye Hills, my ſad Reverſe of Fate:
Ye Winds, that bear my Sighs, ſoft Murmurs ſend;
Come pay me back, ye Streams, the Drops I lend.
And you, ſweet *Suſan*, Source of all my Smart,
Beſtow ſome Pity on a broken Heart.
Happy the Times, by painful Mem'ry bleſt,
When you poſſeſſing, *Robin* all poſſeſs'd.
Paſs'd by your Side, each Day brought new Delight,
And one ſweet Slumber ſhorten'd ev'ry Night.
My Play your Service, for no Toil ſeem'd hard,
When your kind Favour was the hop'd Reward.
I roſe to Milking, tho' 'twas ne'er ſo cool;
I call'd the Cows up; I kept off the Bull:
Home on my Head I bore the Pail upright;
The Pail was heavy, but Love made it light.
And when you ſpilt the Milk, and 'gan to cry,
I took the Blame, and ſimply ſaid 'twas I.

When

When by the Haycock's Side you ſleeping lay,
Sent by good Angels, there I chanc'd to ſtray,
Juſt as a loathſome Adder rear'd his Creſt,
To dart his Poiſon in your lilly Breaſt;
Strait with a Stone I cruſh'd the Monſter's Head;
You wak'd, and fainted, tho' you found him dead.
Then from the Pond I Water brought apace,
My Hat brimful, and daſh'd it in your Face:
Still, blue as Bilberry, your cold Lips did quake,
Till my warm Kiſſes call'd the Cherry back.
When looking thro' his Worſhip's Garden Gate,
Ripe Peaches tempted, and you long'd to eat;
Tho' the grim Maſtiff growl'd, and ſternly ſtalk'd,
Tho' Guns were loaded, and old Madam walk'd;
Nor Dogs, nor Darkneſs, Guns or Ghoſts, could fright,
When *Robin* ventur'd for his *Sue*'s Delight:
Joyful of Midnight, quick I poſt away,
Leap the high Wall, and fearleſs pluck the Prey;
Down in your Lap, a plenteous Show'r they fall,
Glad you receiv'd them, and you eat them all.
When Fair-day came, I donn'd my *Sunday* Suit,
Bruſh'd the beſt Pillion clean, and ſaddled *Cut*.
Then up we got; you clung about my Waiſt;
Pleas'd to be hugg'd, I charg'd you clip me faſt:
And when you loos'd your Hold, and backward ſlipp'd,
I held your Petticoats, and never peep'd.

The

The poſied Garters, and the Top-knot fine,
The golden Gingerbread,—and all was mine:
I paid the Puppet-ſhow, the Cakes, the Sack;
And, fraught with Fairings, brought you laughing back.
Suſan but ſpoke, and each gay Flow'r was there,
To dreſs her Bough-pot, or adorn her Hair:
For her the choiceſt of the Woods I cull,
Sloes, Hips, and Strawberries, her Belly full.
My Hoard of Apples I to her confeſt;
My Heart was her's, well might ſhe have the reſt.
And *Suſan* well approv'd her *Robin*'s Care;
Yes, you was pleas'd; at leaſt you ſaid you were.
In Love's ſoft Fire you ſeem'd like me to burn,
And ſooth'd my Fondneſs with a kind Return.
At our long Table, when we ſat to dine,
You ſtretch'd your Knees, and mingled Feet with mine;
With fatteſt Bacon you my Trencher ply'd,
And ſlic'd me Pudding from the plumby Side;
And well I wot when our ſmall Beer was ſtale,
You ſtole into the Barn, and brought me Ale.
But oh! the Soldier, Blaſter of my Hopes!
(Curſe on Pretending Kings, and *Papiſh* Popes)
He came from *Flanders* with the red-coat Crew,
To fight with Rebels, and he conquer'd you.
His Dowlas Ruffles, and his Copper Lace,
His Brick-duſt Stockings, and his brazen Face,

Theſe

These are the Charms for which you slight my
Youth;
Charms much too potent for a Maiden's Truth!
Soon on the feather'd Fool you turn'd your Eyes;
Eager you listen'd to the Braggard's Lies:
And, scorning me, your Heart to him resign,
Your faithless Heart, by Vows and Service, mine.
True, he is gone, by our brave Duke's Command,
To humble *Britain*'s Foes in foreign Land:
Ah, what is that? The Spoiler bears away
The only Thing, for which 'twas worth to stay.
But Sorrow's dry;—I'll shake it in the Brook—
O well-a-day! how frightful pale I look!
Care's a Consumer (so the Saying speaks)
The Saying's true; I read it in my Cheeks.
Fie, I'll be chearful, 'tis a fancied Pain;
A Flame so constant cannot meet Disdain!
I'll wash my Face, and shake off foul Despair,
My Love is kind; alas! I would she were.
Well says our Parson; and our Parson said,
True Love and Tythes should ever well be paid.
Susan, from you my Heart shall never roam,
If your's be wand'ring, quickly call it Home.

The

The STATUES; *or, the* TRIAL *of* CONSTANCY.

A TALE for the LADIES.

IN a fair Iſland on the ſouthern Main,
Bleſt with indulgent Skies, and kindly Rain,
A Princeſs liv'd, of Origin divine,
Of Bloom celeſtial, and Imperial Line.
In that ſweet Seaſon, when the mounting Sun
Prepares with Joy, his radiant Courſe to run,
Led by the Graces, and the dancing Hours,
And wakes to Life the various Race of Flow'rs,
The lovely Queen forſook her ſhining Court,
For rural Scenes, and healthful ſylvan Sport.
It ſo befel, that as in chearful Talk
Her Nymphs, and ſhe, purſu'd their Ev'ning Walk,
On the green Margin of the ouzy Deep,
They found a graceful Youth diſſolv'd in Sleep,
Whoſe Charms the Queen ſurvey'd with fond Delight,
And hung enamour'd o'er the pleaſing Sight:
By her Command the Youth was ſtrait convey'd,
And, ſleeping, ſoftly in her Palace laid.
Now ruddy Morning purpled o'er the Skies,
And beamy Light unſeal'd the Stranger's Eyes,
Who cry'd aloud, Ye Gods unfold this Scene!
Where am I? what can all theſe Wonders mean?

Scarce

Scarce had he ſpoke— when, with officious Care,
Attendant Nymphs a fragrant Bath prepare.
He roſe, he bath'd, and on his lovely Head,
Ambroſial Sweets, and precious Oil, they ſhed.
To deck his poliſh'd Limbs a Robe they brought,
In all the various Dyes of Beauty wrought;
Then led him to the Queen, who, on a Throne
Of burniſh'd Gold, and beamy Di'monds ſhone.
But O! what Wonder ſeiz'd her beauteous Gueſt!
What Love, what Extaſy, his Soul poſſeſs'd!
Entranc'd he ſtood, and on his falt'ring Tongue
Imperfect Words, and half-form'd Accents hung:
Nor leſs the Queen the blooming Youth admir'd,
Nor leſs Delight, and Love, her Soul inſpir'd.
O Stranger, ſaid the Queen, if hither driv'n
By adverſe Winds, or ſent a Gueſt from Heav'n;
To me the Wretched never ſue in vain,
This fruitful Iſle acknowledges my Reign:
Then ſpeak thy Wiſhes, and thy Wants declare,
And no Denial ſhall attend thy Pray'r.
She paus'd, and bluſh'd—the Youth his Silence broke,
And, kneeling, thus the charming Queen beſpoke:
O Goddeſs! for a Form ſo bright as thine
Speaks thee deſcended of celeſtial Line;
Low at your Feet a proſtrate King behold,
Whoſe faithleſs Subjects ſold his Life for Gold;
I fly a cruel Tyrant's lawleſs Hand,
And ſhipwreck drove my Veſſel on your Strand.

But

But why ſhou'd I complain of Fortune's Frowns?
Or what are Titles, Honours, Scepters, Crowns,
To this ſweet Moment? while, in fond Amaze,
On ſuch tranſporting Excellence I gaze:
Such Symmetry of Shape! ſo fair a Face!
Such finiſh'd Elegance! ſuch perfect Grace!
Hear, then, my only Wiſh, and O! approve
The ardent Pray'r which ſupplicates thy Love.
From *Neptune*, know O Prince, my Birth I claim,
Replies the Queen, and *Lucida*'s my Name:
This Iſland, theſe attendant Nymphs he gave,
The fair-hair'd Daughters of the azure Wave.
But he, whoſe Fortune gains me for a Bride,
Muſt have his Conſtancy ſeverely try'd.
One Day, each Moon, am I compell'd to go
To my great Father's wat'ry Realms below,
Where coral Groves celeſtial Red diſplay,
And blazing Di'monds emulate the Day.
In this ſhort Abſence, if your Love endures,
My Heart and Empire are for ever yours;
And hoary *Neptune*, to reward your Truth,
Shall crown you with immortal Bloom and Youth:
But inſtant Death will on your Falſhood wait,
Nor can my Tenderneſs prevent your Fate.
Twice twenty Times in Wedlock's ſacred Band,
My Royal Father join'd my plighted Hand;

Twice

Twice twenty noble Youths, alas! are dead,
Who, in my Abſence, ſtain'd the nuptial Bed:
Your Virtues, Prince, may claim a nobler Throne,
But mine is yielded on theſe Terms alone.
Delightful Terms! reply'd the raptur'd Youth,
Accept my Conſtancy, my endleſs Truth.
Perfidious, faithleſs Men! enrag'd, he cry'd,
They merited the Fate by which they dy'd:
Accept a Heart incapable of Change,
Thy Beauty ſhall forbid Deſire to range;
No other Form ſhall to my Eye ſeem fair,
No other Voice attract my liſt'ning Ear;
No Charms, but thine, ſhall e'er my Soul approve,
So aid thy Vot'ry, potent God of Love.
Now loud Applauſes thro' the Palace ring,
The duteous Subjects hail their godlike King;
To feaſtful Mirth they dedicate the Day,
While tuneful Voices chant the nuptial Lay:
Love-dittied Airs hymn'd by the vocal Choir,
Sweetly attemper'd to the warbling Lyre.
But when the Sun deſcending ſought the Main,
And low-brow'd Night aſſum'd her ſilent Reign,
They to the Marriage-bed convey'd the Bride,
And laid the raptur'd Bridegroom by her Side.
Now roſe the Sun, and, with auſpicious Ray,
Diſpell'd the dewy Miſts, and gave the Day;
When *Lucida*, with anxious Care oppreſt,
Thus wak'd her ſleeping Lord from downy Reſt:

Soul

Soul of my Soul, and Monarch of my Heart,
This Day, ſhe cry'd, this fatal Day we part;
Yet if your Love untainted you retain,
We ſoon ſhall meet in Happineſs again,
To part no more, but rolling Years employ
In circling Bliſs, and never fading Joy.
Alas! my boding Soul is loſt in Woe,
And from my Eyes the Tears unbidden flow.
Joy of my Life, diſmiſs thoſe needleſs Fears,
Reply'd the King, and ſtay thoſe precious Tears.
Should lovely *Venus* leave her native Sky,
And at my Feet, imploring Fondneſs, lie;
Ev'n ſhe, the radiant Queen of ſoft Deſires,
Should diſappointed burn with hopeleſs Fires.
The Heart of Man the Queen's Experience knew
Perjur'd and falſe, yet wiſh'd to find him true;
She ſigh'd retiring, and in regal State
The King conducts her to the Palace Gate,
Where ſacred *Neptune*'s cryſtal Chariot ſtands,
The wond'rous Work of his celeſtial Hands.
Six harneſs'd Swans the bright Machine convey
Swift thro' the Air, or pathleſs watry Way,
The Birds with Eagle-ſpeed the Air divide,
And plunge the Goddeſs in the ſounding Tide.
Slow to the Court the penſive King returns,
And ſighs in ſecret, and in Silence mourns.
So in the Grove ſad *Philomel* complains,
In mournful Accents, and melodious Strains;

Her

Her plaintive Sorrows fill the ſounding Lawn,
From ſtarry Veſper, to the roſy Dawn.
The King, to mitigate his tender Pain,
Seeks the Apartment of the Virgin Train,
With ſportive Mirth ſad Abſence to beguile,
And bid the melancholy Moments ſmile;
But there, deſerted lonely Rooms he found,
And ſolitary Silence reign'd around.
He call'd aloud— when lo! a Hag appears,
Bending beneath Deformity and Years;
Who ſaid, My Liege, explain your ſacred Will,
With Joy your ſov'reign Purpoſe I fulfil.
My Will—deteſted Wretch!—avoid my Sight,
And hide that hideous Shape in endleſs Night.
What! does thy Queen, o'er-run with rude Diſtruſt,
Reſolve by Force to keep a Huſband juſt?
You wrong, reply'd the Hag, your royal Wife,
Whoſe Care is Love, and Love to guard your Life:
The Race of Mortals are by Nature frail,
And ſtrong Temptations with the beſt prevail.
Be that my Care, he ſaid, be thine to ſend
The Virgin Train, let them my Will attend.
The Beldam fled, the chearful Nymphs advance,
And tread to meaſur'd Airs the mazy Dance:
The raptur'd Prince, with greedy Eye, ſurveys
The bloomy Maids, and covets ſtill to gaze.
No more recalls the Image of his Spouſe,
How falſe is Man! nor recollects his Vows;
With

With wild Inconſtancy for all he burns,
And ev'ry Nymph ſubdues his Soul by Turns.
At length a Maid ſuperior to the reſt,
Array'd in Smiles, in Virgin Beauty dreſt,
Receiv'd his Paſſion, and return'd his Love,
And ſoftly woo'd him to the ſilent Grove.
Enclos'd in deepeſt Shade of full-grown Wood,
Within the Grove a ſpacious Grotto ſtood,
Where forty Youths in Marble ſeem'd to mourn,
Each Youth reclining on a Fun'ral Urn;
Thither the Nymph directs the Monarch's Way,
He treads her Footſteps, joyful to obey;
There, fir'd with Paſſion, claſp'd her to his Breaſt,
And thus the Tranſport of his Soul confeſt:
Delightful Beauty! deckt with ev'ry Charm
High Fancy paints, or glowing Love can form!
I ſigh! I gaze! I tremble! I adore!
Such lovely Looks ne'er bleſt my Sight before!
Here under Covert of th' embow'ring Shade,
For Love's Delights and tender Tranſports made,
No buſy Eye our Raptures to detect,
No envious Tongue to cenſure, or direct;
Here yield to Love, and tenderly employ
The ſilent Seaſon in extatic Joy.
With Arms enclaſp'd his Treaſure to retain,
He woo'd, and ſigh'd, but ſigh'd and woo'd in vain;

She ruſh'd indignant from his fond Embrace,
While Rage with Bluſhes paints her lovely Face;
Yet ſtill he ſues with ſuppliant Hands and Eyes,
While ſhe to magic Charms for Vengeance flies.
A limpid Fountain murmur'd thro' the Cave,
She fill'd her Palm with the tranſlucent Wave,
And ſprinkling cry'd, Receive, falſe Man, in Time,
The juſt Reward of thy deteſted Crime.
Thy changeful Sex in Perfidy delight,
Deſpiſe Perfection, and fair Virtue ſlight;
Falſe, fickle, baſe, tyrannic, and unkind,
Whoſe Hearts nor Vows can chain, nor Honour bind;
Mad to poſſeſs, by Paſſion blindly led,
And then as mad to ſtain the nuptial Bed;
Whoſe roving Souls no Excellence, no Age,
No Form, no Rank, no Beauty can engage:
Slaves to the Bad, to the Deſerving worſt,
Sick of your twentieth Love, as of your firſt.
The Statues which this hallow'd Grot adorn,
Like thee were Lovers, and like thee forſworn,
Whoſe faithleſs Hearts no Kindneſs cou'd ſecure,
Nor for a Day preſerve their Paſſion pure;
Whom neither Love nor Beauty cou'd reſtrain,
Nor Fear of endleſs Infamy and Pain.
In me behold thy Queen! for know, with Eaſe
The Deities aſſume each Form they pleaſe;

Nor

Nor can the feeble Ray of mortal Eyes
Perceive the latent Goddeſs in Diſguiſe.
Now feel the Force of Heav'n's avenging Hand,
And here inanimate for ever ſtand.
She ſpoke— amaz'd the liſt'ning Monarch ſtood,
And icy Horror froze his ebbing Blood,
Thick Shades of Death upon his Eye-lids creep,
And clos'd them faſt in everlaſting Sleep;
No Senſe of Life, no Motion he retains,
But fix'd, a dreadful Monument remains:
A Statue now, and if reviv'd once more,
Wou'd prove, no doubt, as perjur'd as before.

The African *Prince*, *in* England, * *to* ZARA, *at his Father's Court.*

PRinces, my Fair, unfortunately great,
Born to the pompous Vaſſalage of State,
Whene'er the Public calls, are doom'd to fly
Domeſtic Bliſs, and break the private Tie.
Fame

* Capt. ----- trafficking on the Coaſt of *Africa*, went up the Country, where he was introduced to a *Moorish* King, who had 40,000 Men under his Command. This Prince being taken with the polite Behaviour of the *Engliſh*, entertained them with the greateſt Civility; and at laſt repoſed ſuch Confi-

Fame pays with empty Breath the Toils they bear,
And Love's ſoft Joys are chang'd for glorious Care.
Yet conſcious Virtue, in the ſilent Hour,
Rewards the Hero with a nobler Dower.
For this, alone, I dar'd the roaring Sea,
Yet more, for this I dar'd to part with thee.
But while my Boſom feels the nobler Flame,
Still unreprov'd, it owns thy gentler Claim.
Tho' Virtue's awful Form my Soul approves,
'Tis thine, thine only, *Zara*, that it loves.
A private Lot had made the Claim but one,
The Prince alone muſt Love, for Virtue, ſhun.
Ah! why, diſtinguiſh'd from the happier Crowd,
To me the Bliſs of Millions diſallow'd?
Why was I ſingled for Imperial Sway,
Since Love and Duty point a diff'rent Way?

dence in the Captain, as to entruſt him with his Son, about eighteen Years of Age, with another ſprightly Youth, to be brought to *England*, and educated in the *European* Manner. The Captain received them with great Joy, and fair Treatment, but baſely ſold them for Slaves; ſhortly after he died, and the Ship coming to *England*, the Officers related the whole Affair; on which the Government ſent to pay their Ranſom, and they were brought to *England*, and put under the Care of the Right Hon. the Earl of *Hallifax*, firſt Commiſſioner of Trade and Plantations, who gave Orders for Cloathing and Educating them in a very genteel Manner. They were afterwards introduced to his Majeſty, richly dreſſed, in the *European* Manner, and were very graciouſly received. Soon after their Arrival here, the Prince, it is ſuppoſed, ſent the following Epiſtle to his beloved *Zara*, at his Father's Court.

Fix'd

Fix'd the dread Voyage, and the Day decreed,
When, Duty's Victim, Love was doom'd to bleed,
Too well my Mem'ry can thoſe Scenes renew,
We met to ſigh, to weep our laſt Adieu.
That conſcious Palm, beneath whoſe tow'ring Shade,
So oft our Vows of mutual Love were made;
Where Hope ſo oft anticipated Joy,
And plann'd of future Years the beſt Employ;
That Palm was Witneſs to the Tears we ſhed,
When that fond Hope, and all thoſe Joys were fled.
Thy trembling Lips, with trembling Lips I preſs'd,
And held thee panting, to my panting Breaſt.
Our Sorrow, grown too mighty to ſuſtain,
Now ſnatch'd us, fainting, from the Senſe of Pain.
Together ſinking in the Trance divine,
I caught thy fleeting Soul, and gave thee mine.
O! bleſt Oblivion of tormenting Care!
O! why recall'd to Life and to Deſpair?
The dreadful Summons came, to part—and why?
Why not the kinder Summons but to die?
To die together were to part no more,
To land in Safety on ſome peaceful Shore,
Where Love's the Buſineſs of immortal Life,
And happy Spirits only gueſs at Strife.
"If, in ſome diſtant Land, my Prince ſhould find
"Some Nymph more fair, you cry'd, as *Zara*
"kind"—

Myſterious Doubt! which cou'd at once impart
Relief to mine, and Anguiſh to thy Heart.
Still let me triumph in the Fear expreſt,
The Voice of Love that whiſper'd in thy Breaſt:
Nor call me cruel, for my Truth ſhall prove
'Twas but the vain Anxiety of Love.

Torn from thy fond Embrace, the Strand I gain,
Where mourning Friends inflict ſuperfluous Pain;
My Father there his ſtruggling Sighs ſuppreſs'd,
And in dumb Anguiſh claſp'd me to his Breaſt;
Then ſought, conceal'd the Conflict of his Mind,
To give the Fortitude he could not find;
Each Life-taught Precept kindly he renew'd,
" Thy Country's Good, ſaid he, be ſtill purſu'd!
" If, when the Gods ſhall here my Son reſtore,
" Theſe Eyes ſhall ſleep in Death, to wake no
" more:
" If then theſe Limbs, that now in Age decay,
" Shall mould'ring mix with Earth's parental
" Clay;
" Round my green Tomb perform the ſacred
" Rite,
" Aſſume my Throne, and let thy Yoke be light:
" From Lands of Freedom glorious Precepts
" bring,
" And reign at once a Father and a King.

How vainly proud, the arrogantly Great
Preſume to boaſt a Monarch's godlike State!
Subject alike, the Peaſant and the King,
To Life's dark Ills, and Care's corroding Sting.

From

From Guilt and Fraud, that ſtrikes in Silence ſure,
No Shield can guard us, and no Arms ſecure.
By theſe, my Fair, ſubdu'd, thy Prince was loſt,
A naked Captive on a barb'rous Coaſt.
Nurtur'd in Eaſe, a thouſand Servants round,
My Wants prevented, and my Wiſhes crown'd:
No painful Labours ſtretch'd the tedious Day,
On downy Feet my Moments danc'd away.
Where'er I look'd, officious Courtiers bow'd,
Where'er I paſs'd, a ſhouting People crowd;
No Fears intruded on the Joys I knew,
Each Man my Friend, my lovely Miſtreſs you.
What dreadful Change! abandon'd and alone,
The ſhouted Prince is now a Slave unknown;
To watch his Eye, no bending Courtiers wait,
No hailing Crowds proclaim his regal State;
A Slave, condemn'd, with unrewarded Toil,
To turn, from Morn to Eve, a burning Soil.
Fainting beneath the Sun's meridian Heat,
Rouz'd by the Scourge, the taunting Jeſt I meet:
Thanks to thy Friends, they cry, whoſe Care recalls
A Prince to Life, in whom a Nation falls!
Unwholeſome Scraps my Strength but half ſuſtain'd,
From Corners glean'd, and ev'n by Dogs diſdain'd;
At Night I mingled with a wretched Crew,
Who, by long Uſe, with Woe familiar grew;

Of Manners brutiſh, mercileſs and rude,
They mock'd my Suff'rings, and my Pangs renew'd:
In Groans, not Sleep, I paſs'd the weary Night,
And roſe to Labour with the Morning Light.
Yet, thus of Dignity and Eaſe beguil'd,
Thus ſcorn'd and ſcourg'd, inſulted and revil'd,
If Heav'n with thee my faithful Arms had bleſs'd,
And fill'd with Love my Intervals of Reſt,
Short tho' they were, my Soul had never known
One ſecret Wiſh to glitter on a Throne;
The toilſome Day had heard no Sigh of mine,
Nor Stripes, nor Scorn, had urg'd me to repine.
A Monarch ſtill, beyond a Monarch bleſt,
Thy Love my Diadem, my Throne thy Breaſt:
My Courtiers, watchful of my Looks, thy Eyes,
Shou'd ſhine, perſuade, and flatter, and adviſe;
Thy Voice my Muſic, and thy Arms ſhould be—
Ah! not the Priſon of a Slave in me!
Cou'd I with Infamy content remain,
And wiſh thy lovely Form to ſhare my Chain?
Cou'd this bring Eaſe? forgive th' unworthy Thought,
And let the Love, that ſinn'd, atone the Fault.
Cou'd I, a Slave, and hopeleſs to be free,
Crawl, tamely recent from the Scourge, to thee?
Thy blooming Beauties cou'd theſe Arms embrace?
My guilty Joys inſlave an Infant Race?
No, rather blaſt me Lightnings, Whirlwinds tear,
And drive theſe Limbs in Atoms thro' the Air;

Rather

Rather than this, O! curſe me ſtill with Life,
And let my *Zara* ſmile a Rival's Wife:
Be mine alone th' accumulated Woe,
Nor let me propagate my Curſe below.
But from this dreadful Scene, with Joy, I turn;
To truſt in Heav'n, of me let *Zara* learn.
The Wretch, the ſordid Hypocrite, that ſold
His Charge, an unſuſpecting Prince, for Gold,
That Juſtice mark'd, whoſe Eyes can never ſleep,
And Death, commiſſion'd, ſmote him on the Deep.
The gen'rous Crew their Port in Safety gain,
And tell my mournful Tale, nor tell in vain;
The King, with Horror of th' atrocious Deed,
In Haſte commanded, and the Slave was freed.
No more *Britannia*'s Cheek, the Bluſh of Shame,
Burns for my Wrongs, her King reſtores her Fame:
Propitious Gales, to Freedom's happy Shore,
Waft me triumphant, and the Prince reſtore;
Whate'er is great and gay around me ſhine,
And all the Splendor of a Court is mine.
And Knowledge here, by Piety refin'd,
Sheds a bleſt Radiance o'er my bright'ning Mind;
From Earth I travel upward to the Sky,
I learn to live, to reign, yet more, to die.
O! I have Tales to tell, of Love divine—
Such bliſsful Tidings! they ſhall ſoon be thine.
I long to tell thee, what, amaz'd, I ſee,
What Habits, Buildings, Trades, and Polity!

How Art and Nature vie to entertain,
In public Shows, and mix Delight with Pain.
O! *Zara*, here a Story like my own,
With mimic Skill, in borrow'd Names was ſhown;
An *Indian* Chief, like me, by Fraud betray'd,
And Partner in his Woes, an *Indian* Maid. *
I can't recall the Scenes, 'tis Pain too great,
And, if recall'd, ſhould ſhudder to relate.
To write the Wonders here, I ſtrive in vain,
Each Word wou'd aſk a thouſand to explain.
The Time ſhall come, O! ſpeed the ling'ring Hour!
When *Zara*'s Charms ſhall lend Deſcription Power;
When plac'd beſide thee, in the cool Alcove,
Or thro' the green Savannahs as we rove,

* This alludes to a Fact, which is as follows. Soon after the Prince's Arrival here, by the Means beforementioned, he and his Companion were taken to *Covent-Garden* Theatre, to ſee the Tragedy of *Oroonoko*; where, ſeeing Perſons of their own Colour on the Stage, apparently in the ſame Diſtreſs from which they had been ſo lately delivered; the tender Interview between *Imoinda* and *Oroonoko*, who was betray'd by the Treachery of a Captain; his Account of his Sufferings, and the repeated Abuſe of his Placability and Confidence, ſtrongly affected them with that generous Grief which pure Nature always feels, and which Art had not yet taught them to ſuppreſs; the young Prince was ſo far overcome, that he was obliged to retire at the End of the fourth Act. His Companion remained the whole Time; a Circumſtance which affected the Audience yet more than the Play, and doubled the Tears which were ſhed for *Oroonoko* and *Imoinda*.

The

The frequent Kiſs ſhall interrupt the Tale,
And Looks ſhall ſpeak my Senſe, tho' Language fail.
Then ſhall the Prodigies, that round me riſe,
Fill thy dear Boſom with a ſweet Surprize;
Then all my Knowledge, to thy faithful Heart,
With Danger gain'd, ſecurely I'll impart.
Methinks I ſee thy changing Looks expreſs
Th' alternate Senſe of Pleaſure and Diſtreſs;
As all the Windings of my Fate I trace,
And wing thy Fancy ſwift from Place to Place.
Yet where, alas! has flattering Thought convey'd
The raviſh'd Lover, with his darling Maid?
Between us, ſtill, unmeaſur'd Oceans roll,
Which hoſtile Barks infeſt, and Storms controul.
Be calm my Boſom, ſince th' unmeaſur'd Main,
And hoſtile Barks, and Storms, are God's Domain:
He rules reſiſtleſs, and his Power ſhall guide
My Life in Safety o'er the roaring Tide;
Shall bleſs the Love, that's built on Virtue's Baſe,
And ſpare me to evangelize my Race.
Farewell! thy Prince ſtill lives, and ſtill is free:
Farewell! hope all Things, and remember me.

ZARA, *at the Court of* Annamabboe, *to the* African *Prince in* England.

SHould I the Language of my Heart conceal,
Nor warmly paint the Paſſion that I feel,
My riſing Wiſh ſhould groundleſs Fears confine,
And Doubts ungen'rous chill the glowing Line,

Wou'd not my Prince, with nobler Warmth
disdain
That Love, as languid, which could ſtoop to
feign?
Let Guilt diſſemble—in my faithful Breaſt
Love reigns unblam'd, and be that Love con-
feſt.
I give my Boſom naked to thy View,
For, what has Shame with Innocence to do?
In Fancy, now, I claſp thee to my Heart,
Exchange my Vows, and all my Joys impart.
I catch new Tranſport from thy ſpeaking Eye;—
But whence this ſad involuntary Sigh?
Why pants my Boſom with intruding Fears?
Why from my Eyes diſtill unbidden Tears?
Why do my Hands thus tremble as I write?
Why fades thy lov'd Idea from my Sight?
O! art thou ſafe? on *Britain*'s happy Shore,
From Winds that bellow, and from Seas that roar?
And has my Prince—(Oh, more than mortal Pain!)
Betray'd by Ruffians, felt the Captive's Chain?
Bound were thoſe Limbs, ordain'd alone to prove
The Toils of Empire, and the Sweets of Love?
Hold, hold! Barbarians of the fierceſt Kind!
Fear Heav'n's red Light'ning—'tis a Prince ye
bind;
A Prince, whom no Indignities could hide
They knew, preſumptuous! and the Gods defy'd.
Where'er he moves, let love-join'd Rev'rence riſe,
And all Mankind behold with *Zara*'s Eyes!

Thy

Thy Breaſt alone, when bounding o'er the Waves
To Freedom's Climes, from Slavery and Slaves;
Thy Breaſt alone, the pleaſing Thought cou'd frame
Of what I felt, when thy dear Letters came:
A thouſand Times I held 'em to my Breaſt,
A thouſand Times my Lips the Paper preſt:
My full Heart panted with a Joy too ſtrong,
And " Oh my Prince!" dy'd falt'ring on my Tongue:
Fainting I ſunk, unequal to the Strife,
And milder Joys ſuſtain'd returning Life.
Hope, ſweet Enchantreſs, round my love-ſick Head
Delightful Scenes of bleſt Deluſion ſpread.
" Come, come, my Prince! my Charmer!
" haſte away;
" Come, come, I cry'd, thy *Zara* blames thy ſtay.
" For thee, the Shrubs their richeſt Sweets retain;
" For thee, new Colours wait to paint the Plain;
" For thee, cool Breezes linger in the Grove,
" The Birds expect thee in the green Alcove;
" 'Till thy Return, the Rills forget to fall,
" 'Till thy Return, the Sun, the Soul of all!—
" He comes, my Maids, in his meridian Charms,
" He comes refulgent to his *Zara*'s Arms:
" With jocund Songs, proclaim my Love's Re-
" turn;
" With jocund Hearts, his nuptial Bed adorn.

" Bright

" Bright as the Sun, yet gentle as the Dove,
" He comes, uniting Majeſty and Love." —
Too ſoon, alas! the bleſt Deluſion flies;
Care ſwells my Breaſt, and Sorrow fills my Eyes.
Ah! why do thy fond Words ſuggeſt a Fear?—
Too vaſt, too num'rous, thoſe already here!
Ah! why with Doubts torment my bleeding Breaſt,
Of Seas that Storms controul, and Foes infeſt?
My Heart, in all this tedious Abſence, knows
No Thoughts but thoſe of Seas, and Storms, and Foes.
Each joyleſs Morning, with the riſing Sun,
Quick to the Strand my Feet ſpontaneous run:
" Where, where's my Prince! what Tidings " have ye brought?"
Of each I met, with pleading Tears I ſought.
In vain I ſought—ſome, conſcious of my Pain,
With horrid Silence pointed to the Main;
Some with a Sneer the brutal Thought expreſt,
And plung'd the Dagger of a barb'rous Jeſt;
Day follow'd Day, and ſtill I wiſh'd the next,
New Hopes ſtill flatter'd, and new Doubts perplex'd;
Day follow'd Day, the wiſh'd To-morrow came;
My Hopes, Doubts, Fears, Anxieties the ſame.
At length — " O Pow'r ſupreme! whoe'er " thou art,
" Thy Shrine the Sky, the Sea, the Earth, or " Heart;

" Since

" Since ev'ry Clime, and all th' unbounded Main,
" And hoſtile Barks, and Storms, are thy Domain,
" If faithful Paſſion can thy Bounty move,
" And Goodneſs ſure muſt be the Friend of Love,
" Safe to theſe Arms my lovely Prince reſtore,
" Safe to his *Zara*'s Arms, to part no more.
" O! grant to Virtue thy protecting Care,
" And grant thy Love to Love's availing Pray'r.
" Together, then, and emulous to praiſe,
" A flow'ry Altar to thy Name we'll raiſe;
" There, firſt and laſt, on each returning Day,
" To thee our Vows of Gratitude we'll pay."

Fool that I was, to all my Comfort blind,
Why, when thou went'ſt, did *Zara* ſtay behind?
How could I fondly hope one Joy to prove,
'Midſt all the wild Anxieties of Love?

Had Fate, in other Mould, thy *Zara* form'd,
And my bold Breaſt in manly Friendſhip warm'd,
How had I glow'd exulting at thy Side,
How all the Shafts of adverſe Fate defy'd!
Or yet a Woman, and not nerv'd for Toil,
Oh! that with thee, I'd turn'd a burning Soil!
In the cold Priſon had I lain with thee,
In Love ſtill happy, we had ſtill been free;
Then Fortune, brav'd, had own'd ſuperior Might,
And pin'd with Envy, while we forc'd Delight.

Why ſhouldſt thou bid thy Love remember thee?
Thine all my Thoughts have been, and ſtill ſhall be.

Each

Each Night the cool Savannahs have I ſought,
And breath'd the Fondneſs of enamour'd Thought;
The curling Breezes murmur'd as I ſigh'd,
And hoarſe, at diſtance, roar'd my Foe, the Tide;
My Breaſt ſtill haunted by a motley Train,
Now Doubts, now Hopes prevail'd, now Joy, now Pain.
Now fix'd I ſtand, my Spirit fled to thine,
Nor note the Time, nor ſee the Sun decline;
Now rouz'd I ſtart, and wing'd with Fear I run,
In vain, alas! for 'tis myſelf I'd ſhun.
When kindly Sleep its lenient Balm ſupply'd,
And gave that Comfort waking Thought deny'd,
Laſt Night—but why, ah *Zara!* why impart
The fond, fond Fancies of a love-ſick Heart?
Yet true Delights on Fancy's Wings are brought,
And Love's ſoft Raptures realiz'd in Thought—
Laſt Night I ſaw,—methinks I ſee it now—
Heav'n's awful Concave round thy *Zara* bow;
When ſudden thence a flaming Chariot flew,
Which Earth receiv'd, and ſix white Courſers drew;
Then—quick Tranſition—did thy *Zara* ride,
Borne to the Chariot—wond'rous—by thy Side:
All glorious both, from Clime to Clime we flew,
Each happy Clime with ſweet Surprize we view.
A thouſand Voices ſung—"All Bliſs betide
"The Prince of *Libya*, and his faithful Bride."

"'Tis

« 'Tis done, 'tis done" reſounded thro' the Skies,
And quick aloft the Car began to riſe;
Ten thouſand Beauties crowded on my Sight,
Ten thouſand Glories beam'd a dazzling Light.
My Thoughts could bear no more, the Viſion fled,
And wretched *Zara* view'd her lonely Bed. —
Come, ſweet Interpreter, and eaſe my Soul;
Come to my Boſom, and explain the whole.
Alas! my Prince—yet hold, my ſtrugglingBreaſt!
Sure we ſhall meet again, again be bleſt.
« Hope all, thou ſay'ſt, I live, and ſtill am free;"
Oh then prevent thoſe Hopes, and haſte to me.
Eaſe all the Doubts thy *Zara*'s Boſom knows,
And kindly ſtop the Torrent of her Woes. —
But that I know too well thy gen'rous Heart,
One Doubt, than all, more Torment would impart;
'Tis this, in *Britain*'s happy Courts to ſhine,
Amidſt a thouſand blooming Maids, is thine—
But thou, a thouſand blooming Maids among,
Art ſtill thyſelf, incapable of Wrong;
No outward Charm can captivate thy Mind,
Thy Love is Friendſhip heighten'd and refin'd;
'Tis what my Soul, and not my Form inſpires,
And burns with ſpotleſs and immortal Fires.
Thy Joys, like mine, from conſcious Truth ariſe,
And, known theſe Joys, what others canſt thou prize?
Be jealous Doubts the Curſe of ſordid Minds;
Hence, jealous Doubts, I give ye to the Winds.—
Once

Once more, O come! and ſnatch me to thy Arms!
Come, ſhield my beating Heart from vain Alarms!
Come, let me hang enamour'd on thy Breaſt,
Weep pleaſing Tears, and be with Joy diſtreſt!
Let me ſtill hear, and ſtill demand thy Tale,
And, oft renew'd, ſtill let my Suit prevail!
Much ſtill remains to tell and to enquire,
My Hand ſtill writes, and Writing prompts Deſire;
My Pen denies my laſt Farewell to write,
Still, ſtill, "return," my wiſhful Thoughts indite:
Oh hear, my Prince, thy Love, thy Miſtreſs call,
Think o'er each tender Name, and hear by all.
Oh pleaſing Intercourſe of Soul with Soul,
Thus, while I write, I ſee, I claſp thee whole;
And theſe kind Letters trembling *Zara* drew,
In ev'ry Line ſhall bring her to thy View.
Return, return, in Love and Truth excel;
Return, I write; I cannot add Farewell.

End of the FIRST VOLUME.

Note. *A Second Volume of this Work is in the Preſs, and will be publiſh'd with all convenient Expedition.*